TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

At Stayner, on July 12, D'Alton McCarthy talked to Sir John and Minister-of-Justice Thompson like a Dutch uncle and Jean Baptiste's ears must have burned when he read the speech. I never had any doubts of D'Alton McCarthy's sincerity in the Jesuit matter though this is more than I feel like saying of some others of the historic thirteen. No one at all familiar with his career could think for a moment that he would consent to act as a stool pigeon for Sir John or anybody else. It is a favorite habit of some of the Liberal newspapers to impugn the honesty of every Conservative with the slightest independence who announces himself as opposed to the Dominion Premier in any respect. The Grit newspapers bemoan the fact that Sir John's followers stick to him so closely, so unreasoningly, but when one of them begins to reason and to assert his independence the Reform editors all wink, put their fingers aside their nose and whisper that "it is one of the old man's tricks." When the *Mail* made its kick, the Grit papers all said it was pre-arranged, and none of them would believe that Sir John had not instigated its policy until the *Empire* was started to kill the *Mail* off. Like a frightened child who sees a ghost in every bush and goblins in every darkened corner, so the Liberals always see Sir John in every political movement and the expression of everyone who belongs to his party. In daylight and dark they are continually running after Sir John's spook until they really magnify the Premier's astuteness far beyond its worth.

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I remarked last week that D'Alton McCarthy, at Cobourg three weeks ago, had cut himself loose from old party ties and if there had been one remaining it was severed at Stayner. No one who imagines that D'Alton McCarthy is ambitious in Dominion affairs or hopes to continue to be recognized by Sir John will continue to harbor such a fallacy after reading his speech wherein he refers to the French-Canadians as a "bastard nationality." D'Alton McCarthy has proved that "he is not afraid of the cars," and in the speech, which for convincing directness could not have been improved, he briefly stated the case, announced his position and proved his manliness. He may be wrong, I do not think he is, but I like a man who does his own thinking, and is not afraid to express his opinion. We have had so much loud mouthed cant on both sides of this Jesuit business, so much shouting of ignorant prejudice, so much talk from men who have no reason for the faith that is in them, that it is refreshing to read a speech full of points, reason and courage. I have frequently expressed the hope that D'Alton McCarthy would abandon the Dominion House after next session, go into the Ontario Legislature and help Mr. Meredith. Ontario is the Thermopylæ in which the great fight must be fought. Here is where resistance must begin. here is where an overwhelming victory can be won, here it is to be hoped D'Alton McCarthy will help to fight. It is worth the effort of those who are in earnest in this matter to join together and induce him to stand side by side with Mr. Meredith in the coming campaign.

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In talking about this I do not mean in a fight against Roman Catholics or Jesuits, but in a struggle for the establishment of a basis of citizenship and government in which sectarianism and religious creeds cannot obtrude themselves. The magnificent parade of Orangemen on the 12th is proof positive that they are up in arms against Roman Catholic and Jesuit aggression. This is not enough. If this fight is to mean anything, it must mean that we do not propose to tolerate racial or clerical aggression of any kind, and do not want Methodist aggression, Presbyterian aggression, Baptist aggression, any more than we do Roman Catholic aggression. And, with due deference to their ardor and the justice of their cause, I may say that we do not want Orange aggression.

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There is a danger of this sort of thing degenerating. In the cause of liberty men have banded together to overthrow a tyrant and have put in his place a still more ruthless oppressor. What we want in Canada is a new constitution, not a new king.

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In religious matters I see a certain tendency to exalt Protestantism at the expense of true religion, and would remind some of the eloquent divines whose perfervid utterances are being noted in the newspapers that something more is required in Christianity than a belief that Rome is wrong. One would gather from some of the sermons that a man needs to understand nothing but the errors of Romanism, without comprehending the truths of Christianity, and that a man need not hate sin if he sufficiently detests the Pope.

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The little unpleasantness at St. Matthew's Church last Sunday, while it reflects no great credit on the man who was distributing tracts and failing to mind his own business, at the same time is an example of the injudiciousness of the clergyman who attempts to do by main force what he is unable to accomplish by moral suasion. A rough-and-tumble fight after service is undignified, probably unscriptural. If a man wants to deliver tracts, why should a parson snatch them out of his hand? Probably the self-appointed Committee of One on Tracts thought he was right and he should be left to pursue life, liberty and godliness as he sees fit. It is also his privilege to be known as a religious nuisance. That is more or less his own business so long as he does not interrupt the services or break the law. The "snatching" business is old fashioned and has much decreased in popularity since the days when the inquisition "snatched" the individual who saw fit to entertain radical views. It would be wise to abandon such methods nowadays when people deny the right of the cloth to have everything their own way.

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I have received the following somewhat surprising letter from the Rev. Dr. Parker:

228 Huron Street, Toronto, July 16, '89.

Dear Sir,—I am quite content to rest my cause on the ground defined in my correspondence, as embraced in your open letter, and to await the righteous verdict of an intelligent and impartial public.

I presume you will, yourself, be eager to follow this course; especially as your labored argument is so relevant to the main issues involved, particularly to that raised in my first letter.

Should anyone still doubt whether you had succeeded in correcting my heterodoxy on national and religious questions, my people will be pleased to have him visit Broadway Tabernacle, and judge for himself.

Yours truly,
W. H. PARKER.

If the Rev. Dr. Parker is satisfied with the result of this little controversy, all I have to say is that he is very easily pleased, and I am glad he is content to rest his case as I have presented it for him. It is a tribute to my fairness, and, it seems to me, evinces a willingness to abandon an untenable position with an alacrity and Christian fortitude which does credit to the Rev. Dr. Parker's judgment. The attempted sarcasm as to my "labored" argument fails to wound, inasmuch as my labor was to be just and fair to him while presenting my own side of the case as moderately as I knew how. If I "labored" it was to preserve the amenities supposed to control the correspondence of men who, whether by accident or ability, have attained a superior position to the fishwives who argue in Billingsgate market. If my "labor" is a matter of sarcasm with the Rev. Dr., I must say that his "labor" in the same line deserves no comment except by its absence. While the Rev. Dr. has shown his good sense by abandoning an untenable and unchristian position, I must express my admiration for his good taste in making his letter a valuable advertisement for his place of business—the Broadway Tabernacle. But what about his reference to "*my* people." Is this Methodism? It sounds papistical. However, if those who worship in Broadway Tabernacle are content to be known as "Dr. Parker's people," it is none of my funeral.

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The other day a friend of mine told me he was anxious to subscribe to the Poor Children's Fresh Air Fund and asked me where he should do it. I admitted my ignorance but told him I would take his money and see that it reached those interested in this benevolent and praiseworthy scheme. Thus it happens I have $5 to the credit of the little ones, and if others wish to contribute I will have a great deal of pleasure in receiving and crediting them with the amounts they may donate. If whoever has the matter in hand will communicate with me I shall be glad to forward the subscriptions. I think Mr. J. J. Kelso is treasurer of the fund—at any rate it will not be difficult to locate those who are endeavoring to give pleasure and fresh air to the little folks who are unable to obtain such luxuries without assistance. To you, who have taken your babies away to some watering-place, or who are camping in Muskoka, or are having a delightful time on the Island, it will be a small drain upon your resources to send a dollar or two to assist in taking out a ship load of the poor little beggars who never get a dime ahead for an outing. Toronto is becoming a big city, and its poor are increasing with its population. Poverty is a wretched, grinding thing, and those who have never felt its fangs cannot appreciate how little pleasure comes to relieve the dull monotony of daily hunger and perpetual squalor. Love of your own little ones is nothing but a broadened selfishness; philanthropy is but a love of your own species; when it is confined to those of your own city it is but an enlarged phase of the paternal regard for those who look to you for support, amusement and education. Few cities have so light a burden as Toronto in respect to the poor. That we are prosperous and that our burdens are light should make us more willing to help those among us who are neither well-fed, well-clad nor happy. If, as you sit in an easy chair on the Cibola or Empress, you observe with pleasure the delight of your little ones as a fresh breeze strikes them, if your happiness is increased by noticing how they clap their little hands as the waves go by, how much more will you feel content in your prosperity if you have contributed something to make the babies of the poor enjoy some of Nature's luxuries so welcome to your own kin. Next week I will open a subscription list for the Fresh Air Fund and every donation, no matter now small, shall be acknowledged, not to give its sender an advertisement of his or her benevolence but simply as a receipt for the amount. When Christ took the little ones upon His knees and said "of such is the kingdom of Heaven,' we, who are so far away from that beautiful place, but desire with the rest of mankind to obtain a place in it, should feel that there is no better way of reaching the divine heart than by a little loving kindness to the babies of to-day, to the children of misery, to the offspring of want, and to the heirs of poverty. Even a "cup of cold water, given for love of Him, or the babies He has blessed, will not lose its reward, and those with children of their own, those who have felt the touch of baby fingers upon their face, the caresses of infant hands, or have seen, amidst tears and grief almost insupportable the dead faces of loved ones, or watched the mute agony of those who suffer, cannot refuse a little of something for Christ's sake and the sake of the babies cradled in misery and joyless in the springtime of life when joy should be supreme. I am a little bit late with this appeal. Perhaps, like myself you have not thought about it till just now. If not, do your share and be your own judge of what is your part in this benevolent enterprise. Don't wait till you forget, or imagine if you forget that your carelessness will be forgiven. When you have finished reading this take a little something out of your pocket and put it in an envelope and address it to the Babies' Fresh Air Fund, Saturday Night office.

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I notice that the *World* is endeavoring to excite public opinion on the Sunday street car question. I suppose it is hardly necessary before I say anything in favor of the project to announce that I believe in making the Sabbath a day of rest, and that while I am in favor of Sunday street cars, I am not in favor of open shops, saloons and beer garden entertainments. Toronto is a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, and I don't know why a hundred thousand of these who may desire to move about should be blistered by the sun or soaked by the snow when fifty men and a hundred horses working a small proportion of the day would save them from fatigue and ensure a vast deal of additional comfort. The ideal Sunday may have been depicted by some writers, but I have never had the pleasure of comparing my ideal with theirs. I can give an idea of what I think Sunday should not be perhaps more readily than I could describe what it should be. To those who toil with their muscles, Sunday should be a day of muscular rest, but this does not involve the idea of lying in bed all day, or of moping in the house or slipping around to the house of a neighbor in order to partake of the contents of a keg of beer; or if it be in a fashionable circle, having a brandy and soda or a cigar. The idea of rest does not necessarily include sitting in a rocking chair and being bored by one's own society or in a pew the victim of the dreary sermon of an incompetent preacher. I thoroughly believe that every one should go to church on Sunday. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," the apostle tells us. As long as the day of rest lasts it should be made a monument to Him who instituted the Christian religion. It should be a more enduring reminder of Him who died for us than could be engraven on pyramids of stone or tablets of brass, but that it should be a day of sloth or mental and physical torpor is an insupportable idea. Strict Sabbatarians may imagine they are doing God a service and restraining the community from excess when they prohibit the rational exercise of the social and mental impulses of mankind on that day, but they are making a mistake. Ever since some philosopher declared that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," it has been well understood that nothing is so conducive to impropriety as an absence of social surroundings, the confining of people in solitude or irksome places, and if we wish to contribute towards the advancement of our kind we should assist them to mingle together and be happy and contented, bound down by no arbitrary rules but restrained by the principles of religion, and held together by family and social ties.

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The argument that the Street Car Company would have to put one-seventh more horses and men at work than they now have is an absurdity. No one asks for a three-minute or five minute service on Yonge, King or Queen streets. All that is petitioned for is a service founded on the idea that on Sunday morning people who are confined in the house should be able to go where they can get a breath of fresh air, visit their friends, attend mass, church or chapel as the case may be and not have to walk their poor feet off in endeavoring to gratify their social or religious impulses. As I remarked before fifty men and a hundred horses would save from incalculable weariness a population now numbering nearly two hundred thousand. There are more men and more horses than I have specified as needed now engaged in taking our wealthy folk to church and carrying preachers from one church to another. Does anyone imagine that when the Rev. Mr. Goodman changes pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Toogood a couple of miles away, either of these gentlemen walk? Not by any means! A hack or the carriage of a parishioner helps them on their journey. Somebody has to drive and some poor beast has to draw the trap. When the esteemed Bro. Millionaire goes to church his carriage and men servants have to do duty, and the old regulations about not lighting a fire or performing any labor on that day have been so universally abandoned that it is useless for us to mince matters and pretend that the old Jewish Sabbath is being observed.

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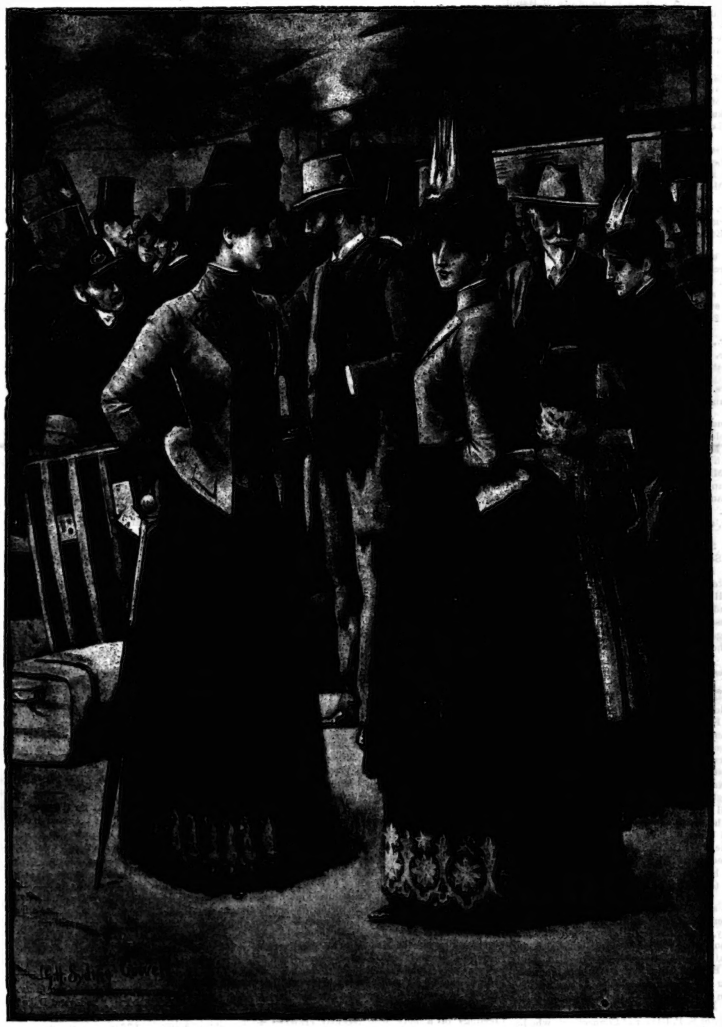
The fear that it will be the entrance of the wedge and be the precedent which will give excuse to employers to enforce Sunday labor is puerile. No labor should be undertaken on that day which is not an absolute necessity. The "necessities" of modern life should obviate the walking of blisters on one's feet in an effort to hear a celebrated preacher down town or to attend the services of a great divine in a northern pulpit. Should it be a "necessity"



CANADIAN GIRLS IN LONDON.

From the Lady's Pictorial.

to trundle a baby carriage through the hot sun in order to reach a shady place or to show the growth of an infant to an admiring grandmamma. When Christ was walking with his disciples through the corn of which they partook on the Sabbath day he did not rebuke them, because they were simply obeying the natural law of hunger, and the natural law of rest, it seems to me, does not imply walking when in pursuit of the equally natural law of sociability and a desire to hear the not over plentiful eloquence in the pulpit. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," is argument enough; and if we were to attempt to fulfil the law regarding the ancient Sabbath, none would complain more loudly or persistently than those who are so vigorous in denouncing the effort to make Sunday life a little more easy and pleasant than it now is.

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Mr. W. R. Brock deserves a great deal of credit for his insistence on the idea of elevated roadways replacing the surface roads which prevent us from proper access to the water front. We are slow to abandon old village ideas and accept modern improvements. A scheme whereby life and property would be much safer than it now is, because its estimated cost is between two and three millions is regarded as a piece of extravagance. No city I know of is so well situated for an elevated viaduct as Toronto is. If the trains run on a level with Front street between York and Yonge streets, there would be plenty of room for vehicles and pedestrians to pass under the tracks. At the same time passengers could proceed almost on a level footway going from Front street to the railway platform. Nature having provided so excellent a place for an elevated system of viaducts the idea should receive proper attention and before it becomes more difficult than at present to get the railways to release the water front, a plan should be adopted. As has been pointed out so much surface space would be released that it would partially if not entirely pay the cost. Another good point in it is that it would give the city an opportunity to make a new deal with the railroads, and the tracks being elevated, it would be impossible for them further to encroach on space so necessary to the city's progress and the safety of the populace.

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Every once in a while a woman poisons her husband, and the crime seems so horrible that one can scarcely realize it. It more frequently happens that a woman poisons her husband than that a man poisons his wife. When the homicidal mania afflicts a man he is more likely to use the knife, revolver or axe. The case on the Murray canal near Brighton which has just come to light is one of unusual horror, the wife inflicting frequent doses of rat poison, watching her husband's agony for nearly a week and refusing to send for a physician. The child of the victim, a little girl of ten, as the accomplice of her stepmother adds a still further element of inhumanity to the terrible deed. Poison is the woman's method of murder and a number of notable cases have just been tried or are now before the courts. Rat poison, paris green and the hired man are the favorite Canadian means of dispatching an objectionable husband, but the hired man distinctly takes the lead. One of the most awful cases of this sort was the Campbell murder near London, for which the murderous wife was executed. Divorces are bad enough, but it would be better to have some means whereby unhappy couples could dissolve their contract than to force them to live together until murder is born of a hateful companionship.

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What is called the "new Guibord" case in Montreal shows how moderate the hierarchy there have become since the great row over the interment of Guibord. They declined to bury in "consecrated" ground a man named McDonald, who, though born a Roman Catholic, had fallen from the faith and refused to partake of the last rites of the church. It is very funny to think that men can be so superstitious as to imagine that when the resurrection day comes the sound of the trumpet and the consort of good angels will not reach places which have not been consecrated by the church. Consecrated ground indeed! That ground is most consecrated which contains the remains of a man who has been a good citizen, who has made the best struggle to live according to the light which has been given him, who has endeavored to make many happy and none miserable. Such graves are consecrated by the ashes of the meritorious dead, and not by the hands or words of those who have no more authority in such matters than I have.

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Social and Personal.

The second concert and dance, under the auspices of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association, was held in their club house on Saturday evening last, when a programme of exceptional interest and merit was presented. Mrs. Sweatman opened the proceedings with a piano solo which, it is needless to add, was brilliantly performed. Mr. Grant Stewart followed with a musical sketch, which caused much laughter. Miss Lousen of Montreal sang The Forest Dell, and gained an encore and many admirers by her performance. A flute solo by Mr. Hirsch felder was much appreciated, and received marked recognition. Miss Laura Geikie, whose mastery over the violin is only equalled by her depth of expression, and whose number is an ever welcome one on a programme, was heard to special advantage on this occasion. An orchestra consisting of Dr. and Miss Geikie, Messrs. Hirschfelder and Gus Heward gave pleasing variety to the programme. Mr. Harry Jarvis, who looked every inch a sailor in his suit of white duck, extolled the praises of Marguerita in a manner that would have had a tendency to make that young lady believe, had she been present, that she had a very ardent admirer. The audience clamored for an encore and Mr. Jarvis responded with You, a song which gives full scope to his sympathetic voice. His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, thanked the performers, on behalf of those present, for the treat which they had given, and the chairs being passed out the windows, a jolly dance, which lasted till very close on Sunday morning, was indulged in by the gay throng.

The following ladies and gentlemen are stopping at Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka: Mr. J. W. Cardie, Dr. and Mrs. Belr, Mr. W. H. Pullen, Mr. H. I. Sherwood, Mr. J. H. Buckley, Mr. J. B. McGee, Miss Anna Thomas, Miss Mamie Sherwood, Miss Clara Galt, Miss Ada Belr of Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Nina Walker of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Koenig of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hood, Mr. J. Carscallen of Hamilton, Dr. Heggie, Mr. W. A. Newhouse, Miss J. Newhouse, Miss Etta Newhouse of Brampton, Dr. McKenna and son of Tottenham, Mr. John Sycamore, Mr. J. H. Seymour of Toronto, Mr. R. A. Murgatroyd of Smithville.

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Mrs. T. Alison and family are staying at Old Orchard Beach.

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Mrs. Walter Armour and daughter are in Coldwater, Michigan, for the summer.

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The Toronto Division, No. 17, Order of Railway Conductors, take their annual excursion to day, visiting Niagara Falls.

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Mr. J. M. Richard of Edinburgh has returned to Toronto from a visit to Chicago, Washington, New York, Boston and other American cities. He considers Washington the finest American city he has seen. Mr. Richard will sail for home on July 24.

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The season is opening well in Muskoka. At Maplehurst they have already had two well-attended hops, the first of a bi-weekly series. The following is a list of some of the guests registered at the hotel during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. John Allan of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pratt of Toronto, Mr. D. J. McLean of Fort Erie, Dr. and Miss Topp of Bracebridge, Mr. and Mrs. Newton D. Galbraith of Hamilton, Miss Hannah B. Wenman of Souris, Man., Miss Mary Brown of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. James A. MacPherson and family of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rodgers and family of Cleveland, O., Mr. F. R. Waddell of Hamilton, Mr. George Turner of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dewar of Strathroy, Miss Hamilton of Toronto, the Misses Parker of Woodstock, Mr. M. N. Rooke of Chicago, Mrs. W. Berkinshaw and child of Toronto, Miss Beemer of Toronto.

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Miss Irene Hilton Higgs of Brantford, who has been visiting Mrs. Maxwell Gregg, Brunswick avenue, left the city Tuesday, July 16, for the Maritime Provinces.

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Mr. J. D. Shields, an old Upper Canada College boy, sails to-day from New York on the Etruria for a six months' tour of Europe.

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In order to give the rector of St. Stephen's Church, College street, a short holiday Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College will take the duty at St. Stephen's Church on the morning and evening of Sunday, July 21, and also on July 28.

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Mr., Mrs. and Miss Powell of Wellington place, left for Cairn Dhu Island, Stony Lake, on Saturday for a few weeks' sojourn.

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Mrs. Samuel May and family leave to-day for Beaumaris Hotel, Muskoka.

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Among those who are at present enjoying the pleasures of camp life on the Island are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wedd and family, Rev. L. Smith and St. Thomas' Church choir boys, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason and family of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. John Wedd and child, Messrs. Vivian Morgan, G. Morgan, O. Donelly, C. Farr, D. Webster, Brumell, Clark, Loud, Grey, and others.

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On Saturday last, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Sullivan, a jolly party of picnickers started from Dovercourt Road and drove to a spot selected for comfort and view on the banks of the Humber. On arriving the cloths were spread on the grass and the excellent repast disposed of in true picnic style. Boats were engaged with which to while away the evening on the river. Amongst those that I noticed were Mrs. Behan, Mrs. Carr, Miss Dale, the Misses Dick, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Featherstonaugh, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Horetski, Miss Kemp of Lindsay, Mrs. Lowndes, Miss Lawless, Miss Macdonell, the Misses Milligan, Miss Read, Mrs. F. Thompson, the Misses Thompson, Miss Stammer and Mrs. Sullivan, Messrs. Smith, J. Ambrey, W. Hope Samwell, B. P. Smith, Bryers, Capt. Mutton, Major Stark, F. Heyes, Johnstone, W. R. Williams, G. B. Behan, F. A. Sullivan, A. Macdonell, Dr. Ellis, Lowndes, Broughton, H. V. Knight, F. Hilton, Claud Macdonell and P. Read. In the cool of the evening the party returned and dancing was enjoyed by all at a well-known bachelor's house in the district. Mrs. Sullivan was as much pleased as her friends that such an enjoyable time had been spent and all are looking forward to another one.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Clements and the Misses Clements, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clements and family, Mrs. Charley Pirie and family, Miss Pearson, Miss Baxter, Messrs. Dan Smith, Jas. Lydiatt, Sam Harris, W. E. Orr, J. A. Mills, John Burrett and others of Toronto, are rusticating at their summer cottages at Clement's bay on the Musquosh river near Bala, Muskoka.

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Senator S. P. Glover of Connecticut, who has been on an extensive fishing tour on Lake St. John near Quebec, has been the guest of Mr. R. B. Beldea at the Island for the past few days. Mr. Glover was much surprised at the growth of our city, which he had not visited in nine years, and thinks that Toronto has a great future.

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The At Home given by the residents of Long Branch last evening was too late for detailed description in our columns this week.

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The members of St. Michael's congregation held a successful garden party in Moss Park on Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Stanbury Finch sailed for London, Eng., by the steamer City of Paris last week.

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Invitations are out for the wedding, on August 6, of Miss Ritchie and Dr. A. Y. Scott of Upper Canada College. The happy event takes place at the residence of the bride's mother, Eglinton.

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Mr. McAllister, principal of the Ryerson school, and Mrs. McAllister are spending the vacation in Europe.

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Miss Lizzie Emery and Miss Emma McAllister have gone to Brantford and Owen Sound for the remainder of the vacation.

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Miss Duncan of Brantford, sister of Sara Jeanette Duncan (Garth Grafton), is visiting the Misses Ross of Gloucester street.

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Mrs. Brown and the Misses Brown of Guelph left on Tuesday for Australia, to join Prof. Brown, late of the Agricultural College. They were accompanied as far as Toronto by Dr. J. F. Brown, who will follow them in a short time.

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Mr. A. J. Small of the Grand Opera House returned on Monday from New York.

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Though SATURDAY NIGHT has no cause for complaint of the manner in which it has been received by the Canadian public, still it is possible to find here and there persons who affect to regard contemptuously this first successful attempt to establish in Canada a style of weekly paper that has now become a necessity in England and the United States. An English contemporary effectually deals with one of these pseudo-philosophers in the following paragraph: "A good deal of misapprehension prevails, I think, as to the reason for the weekly papers being so generally popular with women, many people erroneously imagining that a mere chronicle of fashionable life is the principal attraction. I once heard a clergyman denounce in very temperate language from the pulpit 'those pernicious and mischievous publications, the society papers,' which in his opinion fostered and encouraged the too prevalent vice of malicious tittle-tattle and slander, and which he abused in self-satisfied unconsciousness that he was committing the very sin of evil-speaking which he professed to condemn. I burned to rise up and explain to this small brained fault-finder that he was quite mis-stating the case; that in the first place the so called 'tittle-tattle' is usually a perfectly harmless record of society's doings, and that in the second place a large proportion of readers take these papers more for the sake of their useful and amusing contents in the shape of hints on dress and household management, articles and comments on social subjects, and satirical attacks on the follies of the day. I should have liked to tell him, too, that he was assailing as enemies those whom he ought to have respected as friends and fellow-workers, seeing that the cause of charity is often ably helped by them, and that numbers of the minor wrongs, wickednesses, and stupidities of social life are discussed in them by writers who honestly and earnestly strive to enlist their readers on the side of what is right and kindly."

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A match has been arranged to take place between the Rosedale Cricket Club and Staten Island, on Aug. 12.

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The American Canoe Association hold their annual meet this year on Canadian waters and the first weeks of August will see the gay and picturesque fleets assembled at the Thousand Islands.

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A large party of friends assembled on Tuesday evening, at Massey Memorial Hall at a farewell meeting in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Turton, who left for Melbourne, Australia, on Thursday, where Mr. Turton will be assistant manager of the Massey Company's branch business. Mr. J. B. Harris occupied the chair, and among those present were Mr. Chester D. Massey, vice-president; Dr. Ogden and Rev. T. W. Jeffrey. Mr. W. H. Durand, who was called upon, expressed in suitable terms the sorrow felt on all sides at parting with such a genial associate as Mr. Turton, and Mr. T. R. Robertson, on behalf of the subscribers—the office employes, foremen of the works and travelers—presented him with a handsome gold watch bearing this inscription: "Presented to Mr. J. G. Turton from his business associates of the M. M. Co., July, 1889." The chairman also presented Mrs. Turton with some jewelry from friends in the city. Mr. Turton suitably replied on behalf of himself and wife. There was a musical programme before and after the presentation, including songs by Mr. C. P. McCoy and Mr. T. R. Robertson, also contributions by Miss Roe, Messrs. Fred Harris and T. V. McClure, with planoforte accompaniment. Vice-President Massey, Dr. Ogden and Rev. Mr. Jeffrey made suitable speeches. An illuminated address, with gold gilt frame, from the officers, teachers and scholars of Union Sabbath school, of which Mr. Turton has been superintendent, was on view and admired by all. Mr. Turton sails from San Francisco by the Alameda on July 27.

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Apropos of the recently announced intention of Mrs. Bonanza Mackay to bring an action for libel against certain English journals, New York *Truth* says: "There are those who are disposed to jeer at Mrs. John W. Mackay for bringing a libel suit against two English newspapers which asserted that her mother was a washerwoman. But to the thoughtful it is apparent that such an accusation must be extremely painful to the refined feelings of a lady who recently crowned a career of European social success by offering a dinner to the Prince of Wales, which offer His Royal Highness was condescending enough to accept. And it must be further remembered that Mrs. Mackay having been herself a seamstress in Virginia City, Nevada, and her father having been a barber in Downieville, California, it is particularly cruel to saddle a laundress upon her for a mother. When one is an aristocrat, with a silver brick bearing a barber's pole rampant and a sewing machine couchant for one's coat of arms, all one's blue blood must boil at the addition of the wash-tub parte per pale."

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Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser is spending his vacation in Muskoka.

*

A Children's Bazar was held at the residence of Mrs. T. A. Proctor, 69 Grenville street, on Friday, July 12, for the benefit of the Infants' Home. The garden was prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns, flowers, etc. The attractive tables, under shady trees, were presided over by Miss Maud Proctor, Miss Maud Fauquier, Master Bertie and Ernest Proctor, Beverly Fauquier and Fred Fletcher. The sum of $16 was realized. It would be a good idea if other children followed their example. It gives them a good time and they do a good work.

*

Mrs. Lydia Leavitt, who has been staying in New York for the past three months, is visiting in Toronto. Mrs. Leavitt will commence her lectures on her travels in the autumn.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor are summering at Halifax, N. S.

*

Mr. John W. McCullough will spend his holiday on the Massachusetts coast in the vicinity of Boston.

*

The following guests are registered at Beaumaris Hotel, Muskoka: Mr. F. A. Acland, Mr. T. Ogilvy, Mrs. T. G. Bright, the Misses Mabel and Florence Bright, Mr. Willie Bright, and Mr. Wm. Thompson of Toronto; Miss Madeline Bell, Miss O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. F. Domville, Miss Domville, the Misses Grace M. and Lizzie Gillespie, Miss M. Mackenzie, Messrs. A. B. and H. M. Patterson of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wilson of Albany, N. Y., Miss F. Eardley Wilmot of London, Eng., Mr. J. S. Graham of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. Thos. Tanner of Sharon, Pa., Mr. J. W. Cunningham of Newcastle, Pa., Mr. H. B. Bowser of Mercer, Pa.

*

The Annual Flower Show of the Horticultural Society will be held at the Pavilion on Wednesday and Thursday, July 24 and 25. The Q. O. R. Band will furnish music.

*

Mr. Tyndall Gray has gone to spend two weeks with friends in Hamilton.

*

Miss Katie Lamont, daughter of James Lamont of Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. W. J. Nichol, 49 Yorkville avenue.

*

Mrs. R. H. Temple of Grosvenor street invited a few young people for last Monday evening, and a very pleasant time was spent. Those present were the Misses Temple, Mr. H. Sewell, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Mr. E. Morphy, Mr. F. Mason, Mr. H. Temple.

La Bataille des Fleurs.

The following letter describing the Flower Fete in Paris has been placed in my hands. It is written by Mrs. Kennedy who for the past year has resided in Europe superintending her daughter's education. She has been visiting her brother, Dr. J. G. MacConaghy, an old Belleville boy, who has been following his profession in France for twelve years, and her graphic description of the unique fete will be found very interesting at this particular time.

"One of the many *fete* days which help to make 'dear, delightful Paris' what it is—the most attractive city in the world—is June 1, and is called the Flower Fete, or, as the Parisians say, *La Bataille des Fleurs*. It is held in the Bois de Boulogne, and hither the elite of the pleasure-loving Parisians hie, loaded with flowers on this particular afternoon, to take part in the battle.

"The day was a real typical June day, lovelier, I think, in Paris, with its luxuriance of trees and flowers, than in most places. We took a carriage at Hotel Normandy and drove along the rue de Rivoli, passing the lovely gardens of the Tuilleries with their miniature lakes, statues and fountains, to the Place de la Concorde. In the center of the Place rises the Luxor Obelisk, sister to Cleopatra's Needle, on either side of which are two immense fountains with circular basins. The center jets cast the water to a very great height, and in falling it is caught in basins, which are very large and contain a number of bronze figures, the heads and shoulders only being above the water. These figures hold in their arms great fish, which continually spout water also.

"Around the Place at intervals are numerous statues, representing principal cities of France; one, the Lily of Strasburg, which was taken by the Germans in the Franco-German war, being particularly noticeable, being almost completely hidden by flags and wreaths of immortelles. Here we stopped our carriage to take a view. To the north, looking up the rue Royale, we see the classic proportions of the Madeleine; south is the Seine, crossed at this point by Pont de la Concorde, just in front of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Palais Bourbon from the steps of which Gambetta in 1870 proclaimed the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic; a little to the right is the gilt dome of the Invalides; to the left the pointed spires of St. Clothilde in the old aristocratic Faubourg Saint Germain; while overlooking all is the wonder and triumph of the age, La Tour Eiffel. To the east and beyond the Tuilleries Gardens are the two wings of the Louvre. Those two wings were in the Second Empire united by the Tuilleries Palais, which was burned by the Communists in 1870.

"The ruins of the Palais, after standing for years, were finally sold by auction and removed; a broad street, rue des Tuilleries, was then cut through, separating the Louvre and Place de Carrousel from the Tuilleries Gardens and the site of the Palais, the royal home of Eugenie, is now being laid out in gardens. Turning in a directly opposite direction, to the west, we had a fine view of the whole length of the Champs Elysees, the most beautiful drive one can imagine; the broad carriageway is smooth and kept scrupulously clean by continual sweeping and sprinkling; flanked on either side as far as the eye can reach and in every direction by magnificent horse chestnuts, forming delightful avenues in which to walk, or, if one prefers to sit and rest, the avenues being well supplied with seats and chairs. Leafy glades, grassy lawns, and great banks of flowers, chiefly rhododendrons, with murmuring fountains sending up crystal jets, interspersed here and there with cafe concerts, little theaters, panoramas, and shows for children, chiefly of the pantomime class, and almost hidden in the leafy avenues, and, withal, no noise or hubbub. This is the fashionable drive, and all fashionable Paris seems to pass and repass here on fine afternoons, on their way to drive or walk in the Bois de Boulogne. On this particular afternoon the Champs Elysees was one mass of carriages, all going towards the Bois to participate in the battle; and all along the route, every available seat and chair was occupied by those wishing to see the pageant without going to the Bois, where an entrance fee of 10 francs (about $2) was charged for that part set aside for the *fete*. Every carriage, both public and private, carried its load of lovely women, beautifully dressed, and each carrying a bouquet of choice flowers; the gentlemen being decorated by *boutonnieres*, while every bit of available space in the carriages was filled with flowers; the horses' harness and even the wheels of some of the carriages being completely hidden under flowers; and such flowers, priceless orchids, roses of every shade and tone of color, even the flowers which with us are regarded as worthless weeds, here take on a richness and beauty which makes them scarcely recognizable.

"Arriving at the place in the Bois set apart for the fete it was truly a scene of enchantment; the trees were festooned and hung with wreaths and devices of every sort; the ground was literally carpeted, all the decorations being flowers; the ladies were dressed as flowers and danced and pelted each other and their escorts with flowers, making the loveliest, most unique and utterly indescribable scene ever beheld."

The Way of It.

Miss Soulful—"So it has come to divorce at last with Clara. Did he marry her for money, I wonder?"

Miss Mainchance—"No, dear; he married her for want of money."

Something Strange About Him.

In the smoking room of a well known hotel, late one evening, Artemus Ward played one of his favorite practical jokes. A number of strangers were reading the papers. Suddenly Ward called out:

"George! George!"

Two or three of the men whose names were George looked up.

"Why did you leave Schenectady?" inquired Ward, without looking at any one in particular.

"If you mean me, sir," said a peppery person, "I never was at Schenectady in my life, and I don't know you, sir!"

"You were doing well there, George," continued Ward, imperturbably; "why did you leave the place?"

"Confound you, sir," shouted the stranger, "I tell you I never saw Schenectady!" and he threw down his paper and stalked out of the room.

"His conscience troubles him," said Ward; "but I wish he had told me why he left Schenectady."

Then all the strangers shook their heads, and muttered that they had thought there was something strange about that Schenectady man.

FOR AN

Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON

Sigh Grade Watch Specialist

Opposite Post Office

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41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a choice and varied assortment o

New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also being under able management.

English Collars

Welch, Margetson & Co.'s Englis
Collars Just to Hand

STRIPED TENNIS COATS

Only $2.50

FANCY VESTS

$1.25 and $2.50

Flannel Coats and Vests

Our Own Make, $2.75 Each

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SPRING 1889

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55 AND 57 ADELAIDE
STREET EAST,
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WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Authors as Talkers.

It is admitted by physiologists that conversation and literary composition necessitate a very dissimilar brain action, and, therefore, general aptitude in writing is not always accompanied by an equal readiness of speech. Many of the world's greatest writers have been remarkable, either for their silence or their poor conversational powers when in company.

"Mediocrity can talk," says Isaac D'Israeli, "but it is for genius to observe." "To hearkens much and speak little" was Sir Walter Raleigh's rule in society, and Dryden wrote of himself: "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am one of those who endeavor to break jests in company or make repartees."

Among French authors, Corneille was perhaps the worst talker. Contemporaries describe his conversation as insipid and wearisome. La Bruyere, whose writings are pregnant with wit and fancy, was such a wretched conversationalist that he could not describe intelligibly what he had just seen. He was probably conscious of his tardiness of tongue when he said, "It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

Georges Sand was a poor talker, so poor, in fact, that her intellectual inferiors excelled her in ready wit, and it was only when she had a pen in her hand that her thoughts and ideas would arise and flow in order. One of her numerous disciples, M. Emile Zola, is said to be very diffident and awkward in conversation with strangers.

Butler shone so little in company that Charles II. could not believe him capable of producing such a work as Hudibras. Swift was very taciturn and moody at times, and in his Polite Conversation, in the Tatler, he states that "the greatest talkers are the least doers, as the still sow eats up all the broth."

Richard Porson was a voluble gossip, and it is said that, upon his wedding day, he left his bride at the church door, immediately after the marriage ceremony, in order that he might spend the rest of the day in chatting with an intimate crony at a cider cellar.

Coleridge talked metaphysics in a rich, musical voice, and was celebrated for his conversational powers. As a boy he was very retiring and silent, and, speaking of himself at the age of fourteen, he says: "My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner and read, read, read."

Lord Macaulay's political speeches were said to excel all others during the Reform Bill discussion, but his critics agree in saying that it was very different to read these speeches in the *Times* and to listen to them in the gallery of the House of Commons. The historian's voice was shrill, "a voice pouring out a torrent of words without the slightest variation of tone, without the slightest attempt at emphasis, without a single pause." "You thought," says one writer, "of an express train which did not even stop at the big stations."

Macaulay wrote his speeches beforehand, taking great pains with them, and it was known when he meant to speak, for he would be seen walking through the streets, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. He became so used to preparing his speeches that it was at last positive torture to him to be called upon to speak a dozen sentences off-hand.

Tom Moore's manners and talk were extremely vivacious, and his affability and capacity for entertaining company made him the welcome guest of the aristocratic and wealthy. Of Miss Edgworth, a writer says: "You might have taken down all her conversation in shorthand and incorporated it in one of her novels without the slightest revision. It was superior to the best dialogue of her best works."

De Quincey was singularly taciturn; in fact, he himself states that during the time he was at Oxford he did not speak a hundred words; and Mr. James Payn has told of the opium eater's hatred of traveling by coach or rail, for fear his fellow passengers should draw him into conversation.

In describing his visit to Wordsworth, Emerson says of the poet: "To judge from a single conversation, he made the impression of a narrow and very English mind."

"A fiddlestick about men of genius!" writes Thackeray in Pendennis. "The talk of professional critics and writers is not a whit more brilliant, or profound, or amusing, than that of any other society of educated people." Even the above great novelist was thought dull and heavy.

It is at his desk that an author speaks to the world, and we have shown that there are very few instances where great writers have proved themselves superior to their work in social intercourse with their fellows.

Emerson has said that if we had happened to meet Shakespeare over a bowl of punch at the Mermaid, or in the course of a morning stroll on the banks of the Avon, we should not have been conscious of any striking inferiority, but of great equality; and if we had read Hamlet or Othello by the light of our personal knowledge of the man, we should probably have detected nothing in his plays but a singular skill in using his facts which we lacked.

"You read the writings of a man distinguished by the profusion of his invention, by the tenderness of his feelings, and the beauty of his language, and in your enthusiasm you plot and manœuvre to spend an hour or two in his company. You find him a blear-eyed, taciturn man of five and-forty, as gaunt as a Highlander, and as reserved as a man contemplating suicide; a man whose conversation never rises beyond an intellectual 'h'm.'"

It is hard to find a clue to a writer's traits in his written words. La Rochefoucauld, a brutal cynic with his pen in his hand, was personally one of the most tolerant of men; and Shelley, whose malevolence, atheism, and dissolute verse appalled all England, was distinguished in society for his urbanity and good breeding.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Old Man's Little Mission.

"What is your mission here, sir?" asked the old man, with a frown.

"I am on three missions, sir," replied the poor young man, who unluckily was also a humorist.

"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man, impatiently.

"Per mission to marry your daughter, admission to your family circle, and sub-mission to the regulations of your household."

"Ugh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude any arrangements with you."

"Name it," cried the poor young man, eagerly. "I will be only too glad to perform it!"

"Dis-mission!" shrieked the old man with a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fainted at his feet.

A Successful Ruse.

"I don't know what on earth I'm to do with that fellow," muttered the head of a great public office in the south of France as he looked glumly after a visitor who had just left him; "but I must do something, and pretty quickly too, for if he goes on like this for another week, he'll worry me to death!"

The "fellow" in question was a place hunter of the most determined sort, who never lost a chance of intruding upon the chief of the Bureau just when the latter was in the thick of his work, and pressing his own claims for employment with a perseverance which suggested that he must mean to wear out Monsieur G— by his persistancy if he failed to convince him by his talents. This persecution was rapidly becoming unbearable, and his excellency was now firmly resolved to put a stop to it. But how?

"He must have bribed the porter to let him in, of course," mused he, "and I know honest Antoine well enough to be sure that he would face my anger, or anything else upon earth, for a pocketful of francs. I shouldn't easily get as good a man in his place. What's to be done? Ah, I have it!"

He rang the bell twice, with a peculiar smile on his sallow features, and up came Antoine, the porter.

"Antoine," said Monsieur G—, "it's either very kind or very foolish of you (I won't say which) to let in that gentleman who has just gone out as easily as you do. Do you know what he comes here to ask me?"

"No, your Excellency," faltered the porter, with a very sheepish look.

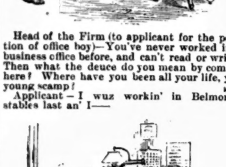
"I thought not. He wants me to make him porter in your place."

The next time the place hunter appeared, the porter flew at him like a tiger, and thrashed him so soundly that he never showed his face near the bureau again, while Monsieur G—, who was able to watch the performance through the half closed blinds of his window overhead, chuckled over it as only a Frenchman can.

The Freemasonry of Sport.

Head of the Firm (to applicant for the position of office boy)—You've never worked in a business office before, and can't read or write? Then what the deuce do you mean by coming here? Where have you been all your life, you young scamp?

Applicant—I wuz workin' in Belmont's stables last an' I——



Head of the Firm—My dear fellow! Sit right down here—have a cigar, won't you? Now, tell me candidly, what do you think of Raceland for the Monmouth cup?—*Puck.*

The Doctor Was too Old.

A large part of Dr. Jenkins' custom was from colored people who would come from ten miles around to get some of his famous tonics. A marked peculiarity of the plantation negro is that he is apt to take offense at any remark couched in words he does not understand. If anything is said beyond the scope of his narrow vocabulary it must necessarily be wrong and offensive. Dr. Jenkings was standing in his doorway one day when an old colored woman came along with a basketful of tomatoes.

"Want some tomatuses, Dawk Jenkin'?"

"I don't know, auntie. I'd like a few, but I haven't any change with me. If you want to leave me a dozen or so I'll compound you a cocktail."

The old woman set down her basket with a thump, thrust her arms akimbo, straightened her back and glared indignantly at the benevolent old gentleman.

"Dawk Jenkin', ef you want fer trus', I'll trus', but I do'wan' no blaggard tawk f'um a ol' mahn lak you is."

A Terrible Possibility.

Mother (reading)—A machine has been invented that will fling a man 1,500 feet into the air.

Pretty Daughter—Horrors! Don't let pa hear of it.

Two Wardrobes.

Loving Wife—My summer wardrobe is completed and I am now ready for Newport.

Husband—Well, I'll see if I can arrange my affairs so I can go.

Gracious! I can't take you along. You haven't a suit of clothes fit to be seen.

He Got Even.

Theodore Hook was once invited to dine at the Star and Garter by a skinflint peer. For a party of four there was a small chop apiece, a few potatoes and a pint of sherry. After the meagre dinner Hook sang the national anthem with the refrain:

"Happy and glorious,
A pint between four of us,
God save the king.

Asphalt Paving.

ITS ADAPTABILITY FOR CELLAR AND BREWERY FLOORS, PRIVATE YARDS, ETC.

The many advantages asphalt as a pavement possesses over other substances which have heretofore been used in the paving of private yards, cellar and brewery floors, etc., are quickly becoming appreciated by the leading contractors, architects and business men of this country. It must be tested to be thoroughly known, and the more it is used the better its good qualities are brought to light.

A number of the principal architects of this city in calling for recent tenders have made it a part of the specifications that the cellar floors or the yard paving shall be asphalt, which shows that its growth towards favor is rapid and it is coming to be regarded as a necessity. Experience has proved it to be a durable, desirable, and in the end the cheapest pavement which can be laid.

Some of the most important of this work recently contracted for has been executed by the Parmelee Roofing and Paving Company in a manner which reflects the highest credit on that firm, and fully sustains the reputation that followed Mr. Parmelee here from the States for being a man who understands the business in its every detail.

As fair samples of the work, the following places in different parts of the city may be taken: The cellar floor at the house of the Rev. Mr. Langtry in Bresadalbane street, the yard at Mr. R. H. Bethune's house in College street, the yard attached to the Toronto Club, corner York and Wellington streets, and the ground floors of the new Reinhardt Brewery at the Don. These contracts have been executed by the Parmelee Company, and the work will serve to show those who are looking for a clean, substantial pavement for such purposes that nothing better, healthier or more desirable can be obtained.

The grading of the floor in the Reinhardt brewery is something unique. To effect thorough drainage the floor is divided, almost imperceptibly, into two sections, and in each of these there is a quadruple grading which carries all superfluous water into a half dozen sewer connections, which fact is proof that the company employ skilled workmen.

The asphalt paving laid by the Parmelee Company resists water, whether externally or from internal pressure, does not crack or split, has the ring of granite when sounded and is just as durable, and for a clean yard or a dry cellar has no equal. The office of the company is at No. 10 Adelaide street west.—*Toronto World.*

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keache & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

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and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
Adult Dose.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
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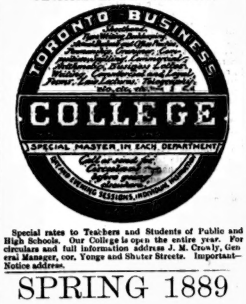

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SPRING 1889

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If not, you should make it a point to do so before you buy your Season's Goods. You will find that Dorenwend's Styles are the most becoming and most durable. For hair goods of any kind this is the place to go to. Ladies' Waves, Frontpieces, Bangs, Wigs. The new Fluffy Switches, &c., &c.
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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXX.

"One little flash of summer light,
O a brief and passionate dream."

Lord Cheriton sent his valet and his portmanteau to Victoria street in a cab, and walked to Hercules Buildings. It was a short distance from the terminus, and the movement was a relief to his troubled brain. He was strangely agitated in approaching the girl whom he had known only as Mercy Porter, who had lived to twenty-seven years of age, almost as a stranger to him, whom he had looked upon in her girlhood with a keen and painful interest, but an interest which he had never betrayed by one outward sign. It was her mother's perversity and wrongheadedness, he told himself, which had necessitated this complete estrangement. Had she chosen to bring up her daughter anywhere else he might have acted in somewise as a father to her. But she had chosen to place her, as he girl there, at his gates, in the sight of his wife and her child; and he was thus constrained to ignore the tie, to repress every token of interest, every sign of emotion, to act his solemn life-long lie, and play his part of benefactor and patron to the end.

And now he had reached a crisis that Mercy had discovered the secret of her birth. Her contemptuous refusal of his bounty could proceed, he thought, from no other cause. She knew that he was her father, and she would accept no boon from a father who had denied her his name and his love.

She resented her mother's wrongs, as well as her own. His heart sank at the thought of standing before her—his daughter and his judge!

The house in Hercules Buildings was decent and clean-looking. The woman who opened the door told him that Mrs. Porter was at home, and directed him to the second floor back.

"Is she alone?" he asked. "Has there been no one with her this morning?"

"No, sir. She don't generally anybody come to see her once in six months, except Miss Newton.

Lady Cheriton's conjecture was not the inspiration he had thought. Mrs. Porter had not made her way here. What if she had doubled back after starting in the train for London—got out at the first station and gone to the Priory—to realize that ghastly apprehension of Theodore Dalbrook's, and follow up her evil scheme of vengeance by some new crime. Once admit that she was mad and there was no limit to the evil she might attempt and do. The only comfort was in the idea that Julia's cousin was there, on the alert to guard her from every possible attack.

He knocked at the door of the back room on the second floor landing, and it was opened by the faded woman he had seen last in her fresh young beauty, a fair bright face as a rustic casement, framed in verdure. The face was sadly aged since he had looked upon it, and if it was beautiful it was with the beauty of thought and expression, rather than of form or coloring.

The grave sad eyes were lifted to his face as Mercy made way for him to enter. She placed a chair for him, and stood a little way off, waiting for him to speak. He looked at the small room with infinite compassion. Her neatness and ingenuity had made the best of the smallest means, and the shabby little room had as fresh and gay an air as if it had been a room in an Alpine chalet, or a farmhouse in Normandy. The poor little pallet-bed was hidden by white dimity curtains, the washstand was screened by a drapery of the same white dimity, daintily arranged with bright ribbon bows. There was a shelf of neatly bound books above the mantel piece, and there were bits of japanese china here and there, giving a touch of brilliant color to the cheap white paper on the walls and the white draperies. The carpet was daintily furnished by Mercy herself. The chairs and tables were of cheap but substantial wicker work. There was a pine chest of drawers, with a Japanese looking glass hanging above it, and there was a quaint little japanned table of bright vermilion at the side of Mercy's arm chair. That poor little second floor bedroom, with its one window, and most unlovely outlook, was Mercy's only source of pride. She had pinched herself to buy those inexpensive chairs, and the luxury of the Japanese glass, and the lacquered teatray, and Satsuma cups and saucers, and the tourquoise and absinthe tinted vases, which made her room so different from those rooms of most workgirls. She had stained and waxed the old deal boards with her own hands, and it was her own labor that kept the floor polished and dustless, and the window panes bright and clear. The natural instinct of a lady showed itself in the love of fair and graceful furniture.

"I hoped to find your mother with you," said Lord Cheriton.

"Why? I received your telegram, and could not understand what it meant. Is there anything wrong with my mother?"

"But why? She left home early one morning—myseriously—no one knows why or wherefore. I am intensely anxious to find her."

"But why? She had been able to take care of herself very well for the last twenty years. You have not been particularly interested in her all that time. Why should you be anxious to-day?"

"Because I have reason to think that all is not well with her—that her mind is not quite right—and I am full of fear lest she should do something rash."

"God help her," sighed Mercy, the pale face growing just a shade whiter. "If you had seen much of her in the years that are gone your fears would not have come so late in the day."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that her mind has been unsettled ever since I was old enough to observe and to understand her. She had brooded upon one great sorrow until all her thoughts were warped and distorted—all charity and kindly feeling were dead in her—dead or frozen into a dreadful numbness, a torpor of the soul. She never really loved me—me, her only child, who tried very hard to win her love. God knows how I loved her, having no one else to love. There was always a barrier between us—the barrier of some bitter memory. I could never get near her heart."

He did not answer for some minutes, but stood up looking out of the window at the dull, dull prospect of slated roof and smoke-blacked chimney-pot, prospect in which a few roof tiles or an old gable end were as a glimpse of the tropic isles or the sunny south, amidst the all-pervading grayness and gloom and cruel monotony of form and hue. He felt a constraint upon him such as he had never felt in all his life before—felt tongue-tied, helpless, paralyzed by a deep sense of shame and self-humiliation before this unacknowledged daughter, who, under happier circumstances, might have looked up to him as her father in the first among men. In this bitter hour the name that he had won for himself in the world, the fortune which his talent had earned for him were as dirt and ashes—the bitter ashes beneath the dazzling brightness of the dead sea fruit.

"Why do you stop in this back room, Mercy?" he asked abruptly. "Why do you condemn yourself to look out upon chimney-pots and blackened roofs, when you have all the world to choose from if you like? Why, in pity's name, did you refuse my offer of an income?"

"Because I will take nothing from you—nothing—nothing—nothing!" Her lips closed in a narrow line after that reiterated word. Her eyes looked straight before her, cold, calm, resolute.

"Why are you so hard upon me?"

"Why? You ask me why—you, who let me live at your gates in meek dependence on your bounty, nameless, fatherless, living a life of miserable monotony with a heart-broken woman in whose frozen breast even maternal love was dead. You who parted me on the head once in half-a-year, and patronized me, and condescended to me, as if I were of another race and of a different clay. You, my father—you who could be content to let me grow from a child to a woman and never once let your heart go out to me, and never once be moved to clasp me in your arms and confess the tie between us. You who saw me come to your fine house and go away, and often pretended not to see me, or passed me with a side glance and a little motion of your hand as if I were a dog that ran by you in the street. You, my father—you, whose friend saw me so friendless and alone that he could lie to me, with insolent malice, that there was no one in this world to take my part or to call him to account for his lies. Had you been different, my fate might have been different."

"He was a villain, Mercy. God knows, I have suffered enough on that score. I would have called him to account, I would have punished him; but I had to think of my wife. I dared not act—there was a monster in my path before which the boldest man sometimes turns coward—publicity. Who was the cause, Mercy—when was it that you discovered—my secret?"

"He told me—taunted me with my mother's story. He guessed it, I think; but though he had no proofs to give me instinct told me that it was true. My mother's life and character had always seen a mystery to me. I understood both by the light of that revelation."

"He told you the truth, Mercy. Yes, all my life as regards you was a solemn sham. It was your mother's determination to live at Cheriton, and nowhere else, which made me a stranger to my child. Had your home been elsewhere—far from my wife and her surroundings—I might have acted in some wise a father's part. I might have acknowledged our relationship—I might have seen you from time to time in the freedom of paternal intercourse—I could have interested myself in your education, watched over your happiness. Was it so? I had to play my difficult part as best I might."

"You would have had to reckon with my mother's broken heart whenever she had lived, answered Mercy. "Do you think I could have ever valued your fatherly interest, knowing the measure of her suffering? In my ignorance I looked up to you as our benefactor. You cheated me of my gratitude and respect—you, who were the cause of all our sorrows. I was my mother's mind growing more and more embittered as the years went by. My youth was spent with a woman whose lips had forgotten how to smile—with a mother who never spoke a motherly word, or kissed her child with a motherly kiss. And then when love came—or that which seemed like love—can you wonder that I was weak and helpless in the hour of that great temptation—I, who had never known what tenderness meant before I heard his voice, before his lips touched mine! The only happiness I ever knew upon this earth was my happiness with him. It was short enough, God knows, but it was something. It was my only sunshine—the only year in all my life in which the world seemed beautiful and in which it was worth living. Yes, it was at least a dream of loving and being loved; but it was followed by a bitter waking."

"He was a scoundrel, Mercy. You were not his first victim; but his youth was past, and I believed in his reform. I should not have asked him to my wife's house had I not so believed. When I heard that he had tempted you away from your mother I was in despair. I would have made any sacrifice to save you. Except the rare one sacrifice of facing a hideous scandal, except the sacrifice of my social position and my wife's happiness. Had you alone been in question I might have taken a bolder and more generous course, but you are right when you say I had to reckon with your mother. I might have confessed the existence of my daughter—might have secured my wife's kindness and sympathy for that daughter—but how could I say to her: 'The woman who lives beside your gate is the woman who ought to have been my wife, and who for ten years was to me as a wife, and relied upon my promise that no other woman upon earth should ever occupy that place. I was fettered, Mercy, caught in the toils, powerless to act a noble or a manly part. I did what I could. I tried to trace you and Tremayne—failed, and never knew what had become of him till I heard of him three years ago, married a second time to a rich Australian, and occupying an important position at Brisbane. He was a married man when he crossed your path, separated from his wife, who had not made him over well. It was the knowledge of his domestic troubles that inclined me to hold out the hand of friendship to him at that time. He behaved badly to you, I fear, my poor girl."

"He only did what most men do, I suppose, under the same circumstances. He only acted as you acted to my mother. He grew tired of me. Only his weariness came in less than ten years—in less than two. He took me roaming all over the world in his yacht on idle days and nights at sea—or lying off some white city, shining against a background of olive-clad hills—wherever the fancy took him. Sometimes we lived on shore for a little while—in some obscure town or fishing village—where there was no one from England to ask who we were. We spent one long winter coasting about between Algiers and Tunis. I could hardly believe that it was winter in that world of purple sea and sky and almost perpetual sunshine. We spent half a year among the Greek islands—we stayed at Constantinople—and sailed from there to Naples. It was at Naples I caught fever, and lay ill on board the yacht. It was a tedious illness, a long night of darkness and delirium. When I recovered Colonel Tremayne was gone. He had left the yacht on the fifth day of my unconsciousness, but left me in charge of a sister of mercy and three sailors. He had sold the yacht, and had gone to place into new owner's possession as soon as I was strong enough to go on shore. He left me a letter telling me that he had deposited three pounds for me at the English bankers' where he had been in the habit of cashing checks. I had been at the bank more than once since then, he added. He advised me to stay in the south, and get a situation as governess in an Italian family. He was obliged to go back to England on account of pecuniary difficulties, but he hoped to be able to meet me later. He did not even take the trouble to tell me where a letter would find him. He had abandoned me at the beginning of a dangerous illness—left me to live or die—friendless in a foreign land."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing."

Lord Cheriton heard the story of his daughter's fate in silence. It was an old and a common tale, and the many words of reproduction uttered now would have seemed a mockery from the lips of the father who had allowed his daughter's wrongs to remain unredressed.

"What did you do in your loneliness?" he asked after a pause.

"I wandered from village to village for some months, living as the peasants live. I did not take Colonel Tremayne's advice, and offer myself as a teacher of youth. I did not try to enter a respectable home under a false character. I lived among peasants and as they lived, and my money lasted a long time. I had always been fond of needle-work, so I bought some materials before I left Naples, and I used to sit in the olive woods, or by the sea shore, making baby linen, which I was able to dispose of when my wandering brought me to Genoa, where I lived in a garret all through the next winter. I remained in Italy for more than a year, and then my heart sickened even at the beauty of the sea and sky, the streets of palaces, the orange groves and olive woods, the bright monotony of loveliness. Some of my own misery seemed to have mixed itself with all that was loveliest in that southern world, and I felt as if gray skies and dull streets would be a relief to me. So I came to London, and found this lodging, and have managed to live—as you see—ever since. I have no wish to live any better. I have only one friend in the world. I have no desire to change. If my mother cared for me or wanted me I would go to her—but she never wanted me in the past, I doubt if she will ever want me in the future."

"Your mother is a most unhappy woman, Mercy, and she has made her unhappiness a part of my life, and a part of her life, too. She left her home this morning, alone, without giving anyone notice where she was going, or why she was going. I am full of fear about her. My only hope was to find her here.

"And not having found her here, what are you going to do? Where will you look for her?"

"I don't know. I am altogether at fault. She had no friends in London, or anywhere else. She had isolated herself completely. At Cheriton she was respected, but she made no friends. How could she in a place where her whole existence was a secret? Ah, Mercy, have compassion upon me in my trouble—give me something of a child's love, for the burden of my sin is too heavy for me to bear."

She sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands, and she knew that the strong man was crying like a child.

Her heart was touched by his distress, as a woman if not as a daughter.

"I am sorry for you in your trouble," she said, in a low voice, "and I would gladly help you if I could. But I cannot forget my mother's broken heart—the slow torture of long years. I had to look on and see her suffer, not even knowing the cause of her sorrow, utterly unable to comfort her. Sorrow had hardened her. She was hard to me—a hard task-mistress, rather than a mother. And now you tell me she has gone away, no one knows where. What can I do to help you and her?"

"God knows if you can do anything, Mercy," he answered, looking up at her gently, relieved somewhat by these unaccustomed tears.

He took her hand, which she did not withhold from him.

"Sit down, Mercy," he said, "sit here by my side, and let us consider calmly what we can do. You must have no friends to whom she could go, no one, unless it were Miss Newton."

"Miss Newton," cried Mercy. "What does my mother know of Miss Newton?"

"They were acquainted many years ago, but your mother would hardly go to her now."

"My mother knew Miss Newton, my one friend!"

"Yes, long ago. How did you come to know her?"

"She sought me out. It is the business of her life to seek out those who have most need of her, to whom her friendship can do most good. She heard of me from a friend of mine in this house, and she came to me and invited me to her lodgings, and brightened my life by her kindness. And did she really know my mother years ago?"

"Yes, more than thirty years ago, when they were both young."

"How strange that is."

"I am thinking, Mercy; I am trying to think what refuge your mother could have found in London? remember I have to think of her as of one who is scarcely accountable for her actions. I have to think of her as under the influence of one fiercely possessed by the same laws that govern other people."

"I am powerless to help you," answered Mercy, hopelessly. "I will do anything you asked him to my wife's house had I not so believed. When I heard that he had tempted you away from your mother I was in despair. I would have made any sacrifice to save you, except the rare one sacrifice of facing a hideous scandal, except the sacrifice of my social position and my wife's happiness. Had you alone been in question I might have taken a bolder and more generous course, but you are right when you say I had to reckon with your mother. I might have confessed the existence of my daughter—might have secured my wife's kindness and sympathy for that daughter—but how could I say to her: 'The woman who lives beside your gate is the woman who ought to have been my wife, and who for ten years was to me as a wife, and relied upon my promise that no other woman upon earth should ever occupy that place. I was fettered, Mercy, caught in the toils, powerless to act a noble or a manly part. I did what I could. I tried to trace you and Tremayne—failed, and never knew what had become of him till I heard of him three years ago, married a second time to a rich Australian, and occupying an important position at Brisbane. He was a married man when he crossed your path, separated from his wife, who had not made him over well. It was the knowledge of his domestic troubles that inclined me to hold out the hand of friendship to him at that time. He behaved badly to you, I fear, my poor girl."

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Presence of Mind.

Penelope Peachblow—It is evident that woman over there paints.
Bishop Guillem—She is my sister.
Penelope Peachblow—I was going to say it is evident she paints from the interest she takes in that young artist.—*Life.*

The Ohio Beauty.

Miss Jenny Chamberlain, the American beauty, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, about twenty-four years ago. She spent her girlhood in the fine old Chamberlain homestead on Wilson avenue. To friends of the family it was interesting to watch the genesis of the faith in the young daughter's ascending star. Wallenstein was not more sure that his destiny was guided by the stars than was each individual Chamberlain that the lovely little girl was predestined to greatness.

And this all because of her marvelous beauty, as her dower is much less than $100,000. She is of the order of the Marie Antoinette galaxy of beauties, and she would take Burkian eloquence to describe her goddess-like gait and the lofty carriage of her head. This latter she acquired at a Parisian finishing school, where she went before she was twenty, as, before that time, she had the drooping, shy look of Marguerite. Old friends who recall the exquisitely fair, fragile girl of sixteen would hardly recognize her in the superbly poised young woman who looks more a princess than any daughter of the Hohenzollern, Guelph and Hapsburg line.

Two years ago she returned to Cleveland, as the Chamberlain estate was to be settled and the old place sold. No Circassian was ever more zealously guarded than she during her three weeks' stay at one of the Cleveland hotels.

A Watering Place Aquarelle.

Bather—What's that?
Bath House Attendant—Towel, sir.
Bather—Oh, all right; chuck it in. I thought some darn fool was sending in his card.—*Judge.*

(To be Continued.)

'Twas in Boston.

"Will this—this disappointment eventuate in any modification of your plans for the future, Osgoodson?" said the young girl softly as she wiped her spectacles, replaced them with care and looked through them in a regretful, sympathizing, almost tender, manner at the downcast youth.

"My plans?" he replied, drearily. "What are plans to me? Why polyphonize to me of plans? The answer you have just given me reduces to irremediable chaos every nascent inchoative design projected by the stereopticon of earnest purpose on the screen of mental receptivity."

A shadow of pain flitted across the brow of the young woman. From where she stood, on the inside of a gate in the rear of one of Boston's noblest mansions, she looked out over the common, where light-hearted but mature children were playing in the decorous, thoughtful, cultured manner peculiar to the Boston child, and a feeling of pity for the young man who stood on the other side of the gate and leaned despondently on the post stirred her soul.

"Surely, Osgoodson," she said, "there are others."

"Waldonia Fields-James!" he exclaimed, impetuously, "to the man who has cherished in his bosom for years the image of one who is to him the ideal and embodiment of all that is subjectively congenial and metaphysically apropos, as it were, the crushing forever of his hope of being regarded reciprocally by the living, breathing, reality of his cherished eidolon shatters his mental perspective and obliterates every semblance of the horizon that once bounded his speculative firmament."

"While that may be indisputable, Osgoodson," rejoined the young woman, "there are other aspects in which we should view the subject. The stations in life we both occupy are humble, in the sciolistic and fallacious judgment of the world, but there is no reason why the outcome of your misguided ignorance of yours should lead you recklessly to abandon your calling. It is true that I shall still remain in this family in the faithful performance of the duties that devolve upon me, but you will become accustomed in time, I trust, to the daily sight of one whom you mistakenly looked upon as the arbiter of your happiness, and tranquility will come to you."

"I misunderstood you, Waldonia," said the young man. "When you asked me if this decision of yours would make any change in my plans for the future I imagined you alluded to my entertaining a preference for any other young lady. I shall make no change in my occupation, Waldonia," he added dejectedly, as he turned to go. "I expect to drive this milk wagon all summer, just the same."

Hard on Early Risers.

Charles Dudley Warner was complaining to one neighbor of another neighbor's donkey, which rose with the lark, but was a poor musician, and woke him up at daylight. "Well," said the friend, "why don't you rise at daylight, as I do? The donkey doesn't disturb me." "We see now," said Mr. Warner, "what kind of people get up early in the morning."

Comparative Anatomy.

Mistress—See here, Uncie Henry, there was as much as a bushel of corn left in a bag out by the door last night. What do you think has become of it?

Uncle Henry—Dun' know, missis; but 'spec' den peaky hens eat it up.

Mistress (with small respect for Uncle Henry's ideas of meum and tuum)—Two-legged hens, I guess, sir!

Uncle Henry (gravely)—Well, missis, de hens about hyah am mostly constructed on dat principle.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
Sick Headache, &c.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

People who took rooms at the hotel purposely to catch a glimpse of the fair country woman went away disappointed, as she never dined *table d'hote*, always drove in a closed carriage, and refused herself to former intimates with the caprice of a petted prima donna. When she left, only a Chamberlain or a relative of a Chamberlain could tell how Miss Jenny looked after her long absence.

Many people think Miss Chamberlain has a rival in her younger sister, Daisy, who will be presented the next London season. She is certainly as lovely, as far as flesh and blood beauty is concerned; but she lacks that haughty air that makes Miss Jenny quite the most exquisite young person of her day.

Inartistic Work.

Cynical old dog (just returned from a swell function). Wife—Well, Fred, how did you enjoy yourself? Many pretty women there? "Oh, very well. As for the women, health and sweetness were painted on every face; but it was devilishly badly done."

Outwitting The Indians.

Several years ago, I was one of a party of young hunters in the wilds of the Indian Territory. We were within the borders of that region over which the savage Comanches roamed, and often engaged in war with their dusky antagonists, the Kiowa Indians.

At the government post to the north of us, we had heard some scattering rumors that the Comanches were about to take to the war-path against the whites; but as the officers placed little confidence in the reports, having been fooled so often by persons wishing to stir up some excitement, we had paid little or no attention to them.

In some way I became separated from my fellow hunters. I had caught sight of an antelope on a distant hill, and rode toward it. The animal saw me coming, and took refuge in a wood hard by. In disappointment I turned my pony's head to ride back to my companions, when, to my utter surprise, six wild Indians suddenly shot out of the timber, and rode rapidly toward me. It was useless to attempt escape. One glance sufficed to show me that they were Comanches.

With whoops of savage triumph, they surrounded me. They were all stalwart, semi-nude fellows, and carried various kinds of weapons. I was quickly disarmed, and, in an uncouth jargon, I was made to understand that I was to accompany them as a captive to their camp.

Long ere we reached the Indian village, which was in the wood that fringed a small river, I could hear plainly the sound of tom-toms and savage yells that were enough to curdle the blood in one's veins. These sounds served to make my captors urge their ponies into a keener lope, and as every moment brought us nearer the village, my heart seemed to cease its beating. I believed the very minutes of my scalp were numbered, and that, perhaps, in the unit's column.

On the side of the village we had entered, and on an open space in the wood, an immense fire had been kindled. Near by, a stout post was planted in the ground. Around both fire and post a hideously painted horde of Comanche warriors, howling and yelling like demons set loose from Hades, were dancing. The shadows of early nightfall had come, but the ruddy glow of the great fire brought out vividly the barbaric ornaments and streaks of paint which they had donned for their war-dance.

As they howled and gyrated wildly, each warrior would go through the ceremony of striking his gleaming tomahawk into the post. This was done with a vengeance, to illustrate the manner in which every Comanche brave, able to bear arms, and ready for the war-path, will sink his tomahawk into the skull of his doomed foes.

A loud yell from my captors had announced our presence, and almost immediately I was discovered and surounded by a dozen or more of the revelers.

One of my captors spoke a few words in Comanche, which no doubt explained my presence, for he pointed in my direction, and every brave leered in my face. In another moment I was dragged from my pony, and by fierce hands thrust within that circle of red dancers. By this time, every dog, squaw, and child in the village had hastened to the scene of confusion to add to the general din, and to help heap insults on the white captive.

The dance was renewed, the entire village, as it seemed to me, joining in the savage scene. They whooped and danced around me, gesticulating wildly, and brandishing their tomahawks and spears, taking intense delight in terrifying me without injuring me bodily.

The dance was brought to an end by the chiefs ordering a special council to decide the question whether it would not be as well to turn their war-dance into a scalp-dance, and begin their war against the whites by scalping and burning at the stake the captive just secured. All this I afterward learned from one who had lived among the Comanches, and one I was kindly destined to have enlisted in my favor that terrible night.

The red villains broke from the circle, and with wild yells rushed pell-mell to the place where the chief had called the grand council to decide my fate. I was led by a stalwart old brave toward the chief's wigwam, where I was to be kept under guard until the decision of the council was rendered.

On going to the chief's lodge, we passed a group of young squaws who had been surveying the prisoner from a little knoll before a tepee. They were in the full light of the fire, and as I looked at them, I was unable to curb wholly the start of surprise I gave, as my eyes encountered among that group of Comanche maidens the dark orbs of a girl whose beauty of face and figure would attract attention and admiration anywhere. Though clad in semi-barbaric costume, and possessing the bright, dark eyes and straight, black hair of the Indian, the girl's features were perfect, and what was more striking to me, her complexion was fair, contrasting strangely with the dusky faces of her companions. Though she might be an Indian, I felt sure that she was not a Comanche.

As I was dragged by them, I thought I caught her eyes fixed for a moment upon me in real compassion. Then I was pushed into the chief's lodge, where I sank exhausted and hopeless on a pallet of skins piled in one corner of the large tepee. My guard, with a grunt of disapproval at the position in which he found himself, took a seat on the ground outside the door of the tepee, from which he could catch the voices of the orators at the council, while he smoked in stolid moroseness. He had not neglected the precaution to place his tomahawk and spear by him.

Night wore on, and I could hear, ever and anon, voices raised to an oratorical pitch, which I interpreted as coming from the council, where I was the subject under such august consideration. It evidently took them a long time to come to a verdict with regard to the captive, for they continued to murmur, as if in dispute over the methods proposed for my punishment.

Several hours must have elapsed since I had been brought to the wigwam. Suspense was gnawing deeply with me. I suffered untold miseries during that period of waiting to learn my doom. I tried to court indifference—to think of friends at home, but every effort to do so only unnerved me.

Suddenly a slight stir in the other room of the lodge attracted me. In another moment my eyes caught the dull gleam of a knife blade parting the bark of the tepee's partition, close to where my head reclined on the skins.

What did it mean? In a second I was all alert. Had I a secret enemy in that village, one who was going to put me out of the way before the Comanches could butcher me by inches? Thinking it easier to be killed outright by stealth than to die a lingering, horrible death at the stake, I lay perfectly quiet. My guard kept an unmoved position outside at the door. He had not heard the movement, which was very stealthy. It would have been an easy matter to have asked his interference. But what proof had I that he was not in league with my secret enemy?

Anxiously I watched the small opening made in the bark near my head, believing my last hour had come. At last the blade was withdrawn, and through the opening came a low whisper that thrilled me through and through:

"White man, listen quick!"

There was no secret enmity in that voice. Wonderingly I shifted my head until my ear just touched the little slit in the tepee.

Instantly I almost felt the pressure of soft lips against my ear, and the voice proceeded:

"I will be the white man's friend."

The words were spoken in fairly good English, and I at once coupled them with the lovely girl I had passed on my entrance to that lodge. The whisper was so gentle as not to disturb the guard smoking and listening to the sounds from the councilmen, who, I judged, from the confusion without were disbanding.

"I have listened at the council of the Comanches. Lenita would save white man."

Almost breathless I listened as the voice rapidly told me the verdict of the council. Owing to the chief's eloquence I was not to be burnt at the stake; but as I was suspected of being a scout for the soldiers, who would carry to the post word of the Comanches' secret preparations for war if I escaped, I was to be given a novel kind of slaughter.

When the moon was up sufficiently to furnish better light, I was to be placed on my own pony, and made to swim the little river by the village. They would allow me to gain the opposite bank, and to believe that I was free; but just as I struck the underbrush the warriors, who would be waiting, ready mounted, would swim the river and dash after me. Thus they had planned a little fox chase, with me in the capacity of Reynard.

The voice did not leave me without hope, for it unfolded a scheme or ruse by which I might elude my savage hunters. But I must promise to obey the instructions of my friend in need to the letter if I would escape. It may be needless to state that I promised strict compliance with the directions given.

Lenita, for she it was at the slit, promised to be at hand to assist me when the redskins began their chase.

When the moon neared the zenith, relieving the dense shadows of the forest, the stir and bustle in the Indian village informed me the time to practice my little ruse had come. At last the chief came and led me outside to a place where my pony stood, bridled and saddled.

The chief conducted me, as I led my pony, down to the edge of the stream. The warriors, ready mounted waited, like crouching panthers, behind the trees.

The chief made a great feint of friendly intention toward me, and when we reached the bank of the river he motioned for me to mount. I was not slow to obey. As I grasped the reins he handed me my rifle and revolvers, and gave me to understand that I could start.

The river was narrow, though it was deep, and the current a little swift. However, my pony was a good swimmer, and I plunged in boldly. He was not long in bringing me safe to the dense underbrush on the opposite bank. The Indians had made no motion to detain me, but as my pony disappeared with me within the brush along the river there came a chorus of yells, and several shots peppered the trees around me.

Now was my time to act. Leaping quickly from my pony's back, I gave him a whack with the barrel of a revolver and sent him off through the forest on a mad gallop. I knew the red rogues could never catch him, disencumbered of my weight as he then was.

This act accomplished, I slipped into the very niche in the side of the bluff on the river which my secret friend told me I would find there. Here I waited, almost fearing to draw a breath, while the yelling Indians crossed over and pursued the fleeting but riderless pony. Evidently they suspected no such trick being played them, for they swept past my hiding place, each trying to outride the others.

As the last brave dashed out of sight I crept noiselessly forth from the niche in the bluff, and as quickly as possible made my way to a clump of willows that grew at the river's margin. The moonbeams filtered softly through the wind swayed branches, revealing what I hoped to discover—a canoe with a human form therein. The promise of Lenita had been kept.

I stepped into the canoe, and greeted the lovely girl who had that evening attracted my notice at the chief's tepee.

Bidding me keep silent, she rowed me up the river to a point where we were but a short distance from the fort. Abandoning the canoe, we set out on foot for the fort, which the moonlight made distinct on the rolling prairies. As we walked together, my rescuer told me her brief but thrilling history. Her name was Lenita Strom, and she was the child of a white man, who had married a refined Cherokee woman. Her father had been reckless and dissipated, and in a drunken row at Fort Gibson, several years before, Strom had shot an Indian. To have himself from the vengeance of his victim's friends, he had fled with his wife and child, and found refuge among the wild tribes. The wife had died, and Strom, losing his life in defending the present chief of the Comanches from the attack of a Kiowa Indian, Lenita was left alone among those wild savages.

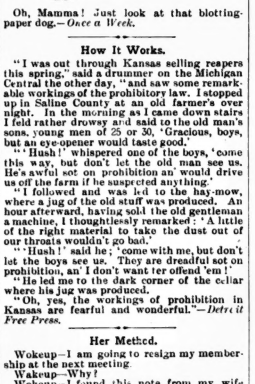
The chief had adopted the girl out of gratitude, and though life for her in that Comanche village had been anything but to her taste, she had never been treated unkindly. However, the chief would never consent to her returning to her mother's people in the Cherokee Nation, wishing her to become his nephew's squaw. Lenita had only bided her time to escape from that savage life. Having an opportunity at last to free herself and also serve a white captive she had acted promptly. Being a member of the chief's household, she had had little difficulty in entering the tepee and briefly imparting the information she had given me. In the confusion that had reigned in the village, while preparing for the chase, she had stolen away unobserved to perfect her arrangements for our escape.

We reached the fort in safety, told our story to the officer in command, and afterward had the satisfaction to learn that our information saved a Comanche outbreak. Lenita reached her mother's people in due time, and she is now at an industrial school for Indian girls.

Sadder Than Death.

Last Friday afternoon a district telegraph messenger, who was speeding along the street with a telegram valued at fifteen cents a minute, was run over and seriously injured by a blind man named Standfast. Standfast is a cripple, having a wooden leg. He had taken this leg off to rest it while he sat by the wayside and begged, and some mischief loving boys had taken the leg and hid it. Standfast, missing it, was groping along the sidewalk feeling for it, and inadvertently moved directly in the messenger boy's wake. Several persons, seeing that he would run the boy down, shouted to the latter that the blind man was after him, and the boy, realizing his peril, made a desperate sprint for his life and for a few feet gained on his pursuer, but before he was far enough ahead to turn out with safety the cripple was upon him and ran clear over him before he could be stopped. The boy's injuries were very serious, as he fell upon his wrist, spraining it so that it will probably be two weeks before he can hang on to the step of an omnibus going in the wrong direction. It was reported late that night that, owing to his inability to utilize this favorite official time killer, the boy had delivered one message nearly on time, but the rumor was indignantly denied at headquarters, the superintendent offering to prove by the books that such a thing had never occurred since the invention of human speed. At a late hour this morning it was feared that the boy was recovering his inertia, which had been severely disturbed.

A Symphony in Black and White.



Oh, Mamma! Just look at that blotting-paper dog.—*Once a Week.*

How It Works.

"I was out through Kansas selling reapers this spring," said a drummer on the Michigan Central the other day, "and saw some remarkable workings of the prohibitory law. I stopped up in Saline County at an old farmer's over night. In the morning as I came down stairs I told rather drowsy and said to the old man's sons, young men of 25 or 30, 'Gracious, boys, but an eye-opener would taste good.'

"'Hush!' whispered one of the boys, 'come this way, but don't let the old man see us. He's awful sot on prohibition an' would drive us off the farm if he suspected anything.'

"I followed and was led to the hay-mow, where a jug of the old stuff was produced. An hour afterward, having sold the old gentleman a machine, I thoughtlessly remarked: 'A little of the right material to take the dust out of our throats wouldn't go bad.'

"'Hush!' said he; 'come with me, but don't let the boys see us. They are dreadful sot on prohibition, an' I don't want ter offend 'em!'

"He led me to the dark corner of the cellar where his jug was produced.

"Oh, yes, the workings of prohibition in Kansas are fearful and wonderful."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Method.

Wokeup—I am going to resign my membership at the next meeting.

Wakeup—Why?

Wokeup—I found this note from my wife pinned to my pillow when I came home this morning.

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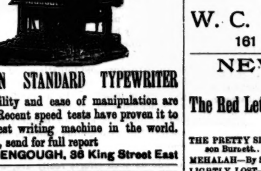

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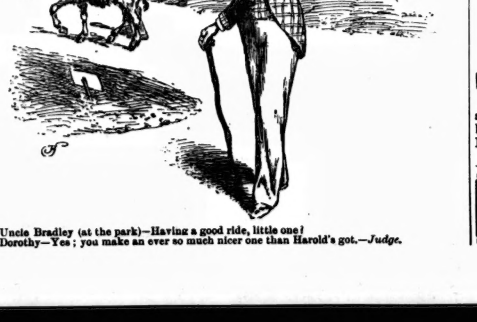

Uncle Bradley (at the park)—Having a good ride, little one?
Dorothy—Yes; you make an ever so much nicer one than Harold's got.—*Judge.*

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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French Canadians in the United States.

The French-Canadian Convention in New York expelled a delegate for refusing to kneel during the Catholic service held at the opening. What he said as he tossed the tri-colored badge away from him was very true. "If I had been hypocrite enough to do like the rest of you, you would be glad to have me stay." However the expulsion was in accordance with the constitution of the society which was Catholic as well as French, but we may be sure that a movement of this sort which is religiously objectionable to the majority in the United States and nationally a menace can never become popular in a republic. Both features of it will alarm the people, but it is wonderful how fast French-Canadians lose their identity when they mix with the masses of the east. It is only their solidity and seclusion which enables them to retain their identity as they do in Quebec. Already in the very convention referred to the delegates pledged themselves to become American citizens. The leaven is working fast.

A Summer Carnival for Toronto.

Halifax is about to hold a summer carnival, and with the material at her disposal there can be no doubt of its success. Next year it is to be hoped Toronto will do something of such magnificent proportions and successful detail that not only Canada, but the United States, will be shown what a Canadian city can do if it tries. "Metronome," suggests a musical programme not only within the range of possibility but wonderfully striking in effect. His idea is that fireworks be held on the hillside such, for instance, as that of the Rosedale ravine, the children of the schools to be massed to sing national songs accompanied by numerous bands scattered amongst them, the director to give his signals by electricity with cannon choruses and all the effects which have been introduced on grand occasions in Europe and America. These things are not necessarily expensive. If we have a grand military review and a band competition scores of bands will be in the city. On other evenings concerts on the water with processions of illuminated boats, and bands in all the parks and everything free, will make Toronto the center of attraction for hundreds of thousands of people. Last week DOSS suggested various events which might be given on different days, so that the carnival could last nearly a week. The procession on the first of July might be marked by a Mardi Gras procession, such as has never be seen in America, except in New Orleans and some of the cities of the South. We can all remember when a calithumpian procession amused us more than anything else, and a really good one would be a wonderfully attractive feature. The young fellows of Toronto would undertake it with pleasure. We have artists enough amongst us to suggest plenty of subjects, and big as the city is, we could fill it and make it run over. An effort is necessary to establish this city as a point to be visited by all tourists during the summer; and though it seems early to begin discussing the subject, the sooner the better, and it would not be long before the whole of America would understand our intentions as I prepare to contribute visitors to view the pageant.

A Neglected Duty.

The love of reading is a boon which no one who possesses it would willingly give up. The possessor is aware not only of the pleasure he derives from it, but of the strength which it lends to his powers in the every-day conflict with his fellow man. The constant mental reception of the bright and vigorous thoughts of the strongest minds the earth has known widens the horizon of perception and rouses the mind to a higher ideal of the beautiful. The former assists the reasoning powers to solve the knotty problems of earthly existence; the latter creates a higher capacity for the enjoyment of the good things of life. One who loves to read good literature acquires the best kind of education in the pleasantest manner. It is the most delightful combination of pleasure and profit that can be imagined. Yet how few of those possessing it, or those who do not possess it yet understand its value, take any pains to confer on their children the gift they themselves possess or would like to possess. When they have furnished their children with text books and sent them to the best schools, they seem to consider that they have done all that is necessary for their education. If one were to examine the bookshelves and tables at their homes one might find a selection of books good enough in themselves, but utterly unsuited to juvenile tastes or to be the first steps leading up into the storehouse of classic lore. All children take kindly to stories, and if their hunger were catered to with suitable viands the appetite would soon increase and demand stronger food. This hunger of their children, parents too often allow to go unappeased until its force is spent, or has been supplanted by other desires. Boys and girls cannot be initiated into literature with dry, argumentative reading or the heavier works of fiction. The child's capacity must be descended to. The dime novel has come in for its own share of abuse, yet it is doubtful whether it has not done as much good as harm. Robert Louis Stevenson has cheerfully confessed his early love for yellow-backed literature, and many others like him may bless their early and often clandestine acquaintance with such books for giving them the "open sesame" to caves richer in treasure than those of the Forty Thieves. Let parents see that their boys and girls are surrounded with books suited to their capacity, not dime novels, but some of the many excellent works for children with which our literature now abounds. Let their attention be drawn to them, their curiosity aroused and the chances are many that a strong and lasting attachment for literature will be the result.

Music

Many a word is spoken in haste and, like marriage under similar circumstances, will have to be repented at leisure. Such a remark was made at the recent convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians, when a gentleman who has for sixteen years been the recipient of well-deserved appreciation as well as of kindly and encouraging notice at the hands of the press of Toronto, undertook to sneer at the "musical critics" of the city. I quote the words because they would hardly otherwise convey the scorn with which they were uttered. As they were uttered in public, and though meant as a personality, they attacked a class whose writings are tinctured much more with amiable tolerance than with prejudice, I deem it well to say a few words in behalf of my brethren who in the course of a long and busy season, feel much more suffering than they cause. To attend concert after concert, and hear much that is mediocre, and much that is bad, and—oh, so little that is really good, is a trial that should bring with it a future reward of great magnitude, but I am afraid that the truth, in this case, is much like virtue in the words of the paraphraser, inasmuch that it is its only reward.

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What is a musical critic? Ideally speaking, a musical critic is one who speaks the absolute truth concerning a musical performance he is deputed to report. The word "reporter" gives us the key to what the un-ideal but everyday, real musical critic is. Many jokes have been said and printed about the "horse-editor" or the "baseball reporter" having been assigned a concert and about his fulfilment of the strange duty; but those who cavil at the reports of concerts in the daily papers forget the fact that for such a paper to secure a man who shall be thoroughly *au fait* on all musical subjects to write its notices of performances, it must find one who knows just a little more than any and all who come within the scope of his criticism. To have such a man, unhampered by local associations, at its command, would mean that the journal must pay him more than he could realize from the practice of his profession, for he would be able to occupy a commanding position in such a city as Toronto, were he thus qualified. To pay such a salary is obviously beyond the ability of Toronto papers, and, indeed, would be much more than the subject would be worth from a journalistic standpoint. It would be a ridiculous waste of money.

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More than this, the absolute truth, written by an ideal critic, would so effectually damn so many pretenders to musical excellence, that musical effort would be paralyzed. Local enthusiasm and local effort must be nursed as yet in Toronto, and when the enthusiasts and effort makers imagine that they have, judged by a cold standard of the highest attainable art in the world, achieved the manhood of art and left the nursery stage behind, they simply blind themselves with their own egotism. All these works and doings we, as writers on the subject, have to judge relatively. That we do so is an example of forbearance and kindliness, especially when it is considered how much inflation of their own egotism is caused in such people by a little praise. Such praise does not act as a healthy stimulant to do even better in the future. On the contrary it smothers the humility which enables a conductor or a performer to see above him heights yet to be obtained. A far more drastic incentive to further self-development is a little healthy fault-finding. But it is just this fault-finding which they all object to, and for which they seek, before the public, to supply motives, personal or otherwise. And in a community, such as exists in this city, the personal magnetism of a conductor is so powerful a factor in organizing and maintaining, say a society devoted to choral music, that when so criticized a conductor to maintain his influence must attack his critic.

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Much has been done in Toronto to forward the cause of good music by those interested in our local societies, but the success which has attended such efforts is not altogether due to this energy. The increase of wealth and population, and the consequent increase of the power and disposition to exert patronage have made measurable success of such efforts possible. Without these contingent factors, such efforts would have been wasted upon the desert air to a large extent. And right here is where the very men who presume to criticize their critics, should rather have felt a glow of gratitude for the kindly spirit which actuated the critics to speak well of what was deserving of praise, and pass over in generous silence so much that had earned blame. Toronto is not New York or London or Paris, and music and musical effort is only in its infancy here. This is where the nursing process comes in. But a few words of praise make these people forget these facts, and a certain arrogance and impatience of censure is the result. Their crude performances—that is, crude when measured by a standard of high excellence—should, in their minds, command absolute homage, and all bonnets should be doffed to the great genius which produces such results.

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Crude as such efforts really are, we always remember what the material is with which they are produced and are merciful, alike to the man who produces them and the forces under his control. But this does not premise, by any means, that all such work must be praised, that all mistakes, all slovenliness, all violations of musical taste must be overlooked. Friendly feeling towards performers—and a conductor is, after all, only a performer—is no justification for shutting our eyes to things which might have been done better, when the ability of the performer and the undoubted excellence and adaptability of his material is considered. He should do the best, and only the best, with these factors. When he fails in this he is a fit subject for criticism. I have spoken of the ideal critic. The ideal critic is an impossibility in Toronto, because ideal music is not in Toronto. When the city has grown, and when its musical forces have grown to such an extent that ideal music is possible, both behind and in front of the concert platform, I have no doubt that the ideal critic will turn up in due course. In fact, at present, the critic is usually in my opinion superior as a critic to the performer as a performer.

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It is a well-known and a wise rule in the offices of the daily papers, that local efforts should be encouraged, that the general feeling of the public should be reflected as much as possible without absolute untruth as to the merits of the performance. A concert, as far as the newspaper is concerned, is only an incident in the record of the day, and is of real importance to no one, but those of whom the paper speaks. The interest of the public in such is of the most languid character compared with that felt by the performers, but the public is much more numerous than the latter gentry and is therefore of much more importance to the well-trained journalist. On this account he is not in such throes of anxiety concerning a concert as the performers are and he treats all with a good-natured feeling that our local talent must be encouraged, that the pride of the city in its own resources must be fostered—in fact must be nursed. That our papers are able to do this so well, while mingling with the praise enough blame to make the former valuable, speaks highly for the men who are employed to do this work. Visiting attractions are treated with more severity because they are usually heralded in a manner which raises great expectations that are not always fulfilled. The weak point in this policy is that local attempts being so well spoken of are contrasted with the efforts of outside professionals in the minds of some people, and the idea is generated that we can ourselves do better than our visitors, an idea highly complimentary to our pride in our home, but away out of reason when measured by a proper criterion.

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With a weekly paper that makes a specialty of musical criticism, the case is different. While its writer is actuated by the patriotic feeling which makes him see good in local work beyond its absolute merit, he must still maintain his loyalty to a higher standard of excellence than that set up for the critic on a daily paper; and it is just in this point where he comes in collision with those whose excellences he admires abundantly. Half a generation of domination makes a man impatient of unbiassed analysis, a process that SATURDAY NIGHT seeks to be governed by in every department that comes within its scope; and adverse mention of even a slight detail is sufficient to make such a man pour out the vials of his wrath and sarcasm over the head of the luckless scribe on every occasion that he deems will afford him a sympathetic audience.

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Shakespeare says: "Men have died and worms have eaten them." This describes the importance of an immediate event, and the unimportance of its final result. So these critics of the critics may belabor those who offend them, but the poor wights who fall under their displeasure can afford to be philosophical and smile at the blows, feeling that those who see and hear will know what spirit prompts the alleged punishment. The performers will go on with their work, and the critics will go on with the expression of their views, and meanwhile the cause of music will gain by the wholesome dread of the critical rod. Human nature is, after all, the most consistent feature of our daily experience, and my impression of human nature prompts me to wind up this exordium with the conclusion that in the minds of these excitable and supersensitive people, "correct criticism is that which praises me, and foolish, ignorant and prejudiced criticism is that which condemns me."

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The Philharmonic Society, at its recent annual meeting, elected the following officers: Conductor, F. H. Torrington; hon. president, Geo. Gooderham; president, John Earls; 1st vice-president, J. T. Jones; 2nd vice-president, Robert S. Gourlay; treasurer, W. C. Matthews; secretary, H. W. Williamson; assist. secretary, A. L. Ebbels. Committee—C. D. Daniel, T. G. Mason, E. A. Wills, R. B. Street, A. C. Fairweather, W. D. Matthews, L. J. Clark, R. Tinning, Geo. Pim, W. H. Fairbairn, Mrs. Revell, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Cummings. METRONOME.

The Drama.

One does not often hear of any of our Toronto belles being smitten with a desire to go on the stage. This is probably because of the transitory nature of the professional theatrical life in this city, which to a certain extent, removes it from the possible conditions of existence with which our girls are familiar. "Half the world does not know how the other half lives," and as long as it does not, it neither desires to change its condition, nor can it conceive of itself existing as the other half exists. Did we have stock companies playing whole seasons in our theaters; did we have Rose Coghlan or Rosina Vokes residing on some of our beautiful residence streets; did we daily meet Edwin Booth puffing his cigar on King street, see Thomas W. Keene loitering around the Grand Opera House, or watch Sol Smith Russell ambling down Yonge; were the carriages of Mrs. Langtry or Lillian Russell as familiar on our streets as are those of our wealthy friends from St. George or Jarvis streets, then would the conditions of their existence become to the mind of our youth a possibility and hundreds of young women and young men would burn to stand in the lime-lights, glare and revel in the applause which they would see nightly bestowed on these men and women. I am reminded, however, of several letters shown me by a prominent actress, whom I interviewed last winter when she was playing at the Grand. They were shown to me only after I had given a cast-iron promise not to publish or reveal the names of the fair writers, but there is no harm in telling that they frequently appear in the social columns of this paper, and that their owners keenly desired to "tread the boards." By these and others who may have similar aspirations, the following paragraphs written for the Boston *Transcript* by that amiable woman and charming actress, Rosina Vokes, may be perused with interest and profit.

She says: "Hundreds of girls come to me in the course of the year—and goodness knows I would like to take them all, if I had my own way—but, of course, I can take only a small percentage of them. Now I think that all these young ladies should come with some marketable commodity to offer a manager. We will suppose they have good looks; that is one and a very important one. But that is generally the only one, and they frankly admit that experience or accomplishments (stage accomplishments) they have none. Now a manager cannot afford to make experiments and take on trial a purely inexperienced young lady. At the same time, when they ask what they are to do to gain experience I am at a disadvantage. I should like to say 'Get an engagement,' but as that is virtually proposing that some other manager should or might do what I refuse to do myself, it does not sound either satisfactory or logical. I think, however, they might prepare themselves a little more and diminish the manager's risk and make subsequent instructions easier.

"With the young lady who wishes to keep it a secret from her father and mother, but intends to adopt the profession, I have nothing to do. In the first place, the disapproval of her parents is enough for me; in the second place, I am proud enough of my profession to think that it requires as much talent and industry as any other profession, and is not to be adopted in that patronizing manner at a moment's notice. If the young lady came to me with ambition and with a knowledge of the hard work before her, I would try and give her some hints, but only after having endeavored to dissuade her from her intention.

"I am very proud of my profession, but I do not think it a good life for a girl. I do not for one moment mean on moral grounds. A good girl is a good girl all over the world and in all professions, and as for temptations, no one should have the smallest apprehension of them except those who distrust their own disposition. But I mean that it is too hard a life physically and constitutionally. Most women are highly strung and nervous, and I know no one of my friends in the profession whose tendencies in that direction have not been intensified in the course of their career. For myself, I am in a nervous tremor every time I go on the stage, even in the most familiar pieces, and would at anytime change nerves gladly with the timidest of white mice.

"Again, the profession is so emulative that it cannot fail to engender little jealousies and envies, which are a blot on what would otherwise be a gentle and amiable nature. Not that women are worse than men in this respect—not a bit of it. However, we will assume the young lady declines the proffered advice, which she has the most perfect right to do. I believe the best advice I could give her would be to take any sort of engagement, for any part or salary, with the idea of getting over her rough apprenticeship. Her first experience would probably disappoint her and dissuade her from further efforts. I have, however, heard of instances where it has not done so, and I have often been told of the discomforts and hardships suffered by young and gently nurtured girls, and I have marvelled at their courage and endurance. I have found these the most willing and promising of all the young ladies I have had. I cannot recommend this course, if there is any other; it is too much like throwing a child into the water so that it must swim for its own protection or sink.

"That some preparation is necessary is certain; you must get used to 'walking the stage' as naturally as if it were your own drawing-room, get rid of all self-consciousness and embarrassment, and, above all, the first phases of 'stage fright' (you will never get rid of all of them). This can only be done by actually facing the fire and getting some experience before the public. If you don't like my first plan (and you can't like it less than I do), I recommend amateur performances. You at least have an audience, and however friendly it may be, an audience is an audience. You may not do very well, but a good-natured friend is sure to point out your shortcomings, and it is better to make a dubiously successful debut before friends than before an inexorable public. In fact, I approve of playing in amateur performances very much. I know countless instances of successful commencements from that source."

•

Lawrence Barrett has the mumps. The swelling of the head, from which he has suffered grievously for many years, has got down into his jaws. Pray Heaven it may work itself off that way, and leave his brain alone in future.

Mr. Clarence Fleming, well know in Toronto as manager of Miss Rosina Vokes, and otherwise favorably known in the amusement world, is announcing a very promising kind of summer entertainment to be given at the various watering places and refuges from the hot weather, in which a relief from perpetual flirtation and gossip is much wanted. Mr. Burr McIntosh will give his clever monologue of fun and fancy, assisted by Professor Wallace, the stereoptician and imitator of birds and beasts, and by Mr. D. L. Don, the witty Irish comedian. Such a team ought to draw even in the warmest weather. Mr. Fleming will be aided in the conduct of the tour by Mr. Bury Irwin Desart, late of the New York *Herald*.

Woman's Sphere.

"Shall women propose?" is a question lately held under discussion. No, brethren; not marriage, certainly. Woman will not propose. Metaphorically speaking, the pitcher's box is the one place that she does not aspire to fill. She will take her stand on the home-plate as heretofore, and swat the ball when her turn comes until caught out.—*Life.*

On Diverse Strings

The Red and the White

For Saturday Night.

[The Indians say that all clover was white until the white man came, and it was dyed with blood. Since then it has retained its sanguinary hue.]

When the sun was hot at the hour of noon
In the meadow of clover deep,
I flung me down in the maple shade,
And while odorous winds about me played
I fell in a dreamy sleep.

I saw in my dreams an Indian maid—
She was standing close by my side—
Her form of grace was drooped as in pain,
Her eyes were dewy with sorrow's rain,
And her dark locks fluttered wild.

On the yielding strength of her bow unstrung
She leaned as she fain would rest;
In her hand was a blossom of clover white,
Its petals she kissed with a sad delight
And clasped to her heaving breast.

Oh, why do you weep o'er the clover flower?
She lifted her drooping head,
Drove back her grief with a quick-drawn breath,
"Tis the blossom that tells of the hand of death
On the Indian race!" she said,

"They are passing away to the land of the sun,
To the home of the great Manitou,
The long forest trails up there they tread,
In the rivers of light the hands of the dead
Are spending the birch canoe.

"Many moons ago, when the big trees grew
Where this meadow spreads green to-day,
When beside each river the wigwam stood
And with bow and spear for his clothes and food
The Indian followed his prey,

"The sweet little clover grew fair and white
On the bank where the sunbeams fell;
You came, and the Indian's blood was shed,
The meadows with clover blossoming red
The tale of our sadness tell.

"The wild game has fled from the white man's path,
The springs of the hills are dried,
The Indian's shadow is lengthening fast
And but this little blossom remains—the last
To tell of his day of pride.

"I see the life blood of my fated race,
It crimsons the flowering grass;
And sadness broods on my drooping brow
When my eyes behold the white stranger's plough
O'er the dust of my fathers pass.

"Like the trees that grew on this fertile field,
Like the flowers that grew by their side,
Like the beasts of the wood, like the fish in the stream,
Like last year's leaves, like a nightly dream,
My people are gone," she cried.

She bowed her head and her tears fell fast,
Like a shadow she faded away;
I woke and I heard the gentle breeze,
The song of birds and the hum of bees
Come up from the scented hay.

VAN.

Shadow River (Muskoka).

For Saturday Night.

A stream of tender gladness,
Of filmy sun and opal tinted skies;
Of warm midsummer air that lightly lies
In mystic rings,
Where softly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tone to sadness.

•

Midway twixt earth and heaven
A bubble in the pearly air—I seem
To float upon the sapphire floor, a dream
Of clouds of snow,
Above, below,
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,
As twilight drifts to even.

•

The little fern leaf bending
Upon the brink, its green reflection greets,
And kisses soft the shadow that it meets
With touch so fine,
The border line
The keenest vision can't define,
So perfect is the blending.

•

The far fir trees that cover
The brownish hills with needles green and gold,
The arching elms o'erhead, vine-grown and old,
Replictured are.
Beneath me far
Where not a ripple moves to mar
Shades underneath or over.

•

Mine is the undertone,
The beauty, strength, and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command,
But all the shade
Is marred or made,
If I but dip my paddle blade,
And it is mine alone,

•

O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep I seal
Is more my own than ever was the real,
For others Fame,
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold—I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

A Country Road.

Yellow with dust it sleeps in noonday's glare,
Yellow with dust it stretches far away;
On the mossed wall the chipmunks frisk and play,
Where golden daisies broider all the air.
Now nature seems to dream 'mid fragrance rare,
For summer silence holds unbroken sway,
Till round the bend a creaking wain of hay
Comes lumbering down the drowsy thoroughfare;
Then all is still again. The orchard trees
Are motionless as the distant purple hills
On which the shadows of the white clouds rest,
When suddenly the white flecked clover seas
All joyous tremble, while the bobolink trills
His wildest melodies with sweet unrest.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Whose Fan.

The ball was at its height of light and glory,
And beauty, joy and music filled the place;
Behind the palms, in the conservatory,
Brown saw a couple stand in close embrace,
And heard a kiss. He knew 'twas gay Ned Story,
But had no chance to see the woman's face.
When they had gone, he passed the threshold o'er,
And found a dainty fan upon the floor.

•

Whose was the fan? He vowed that he would know it;
He sought the ball-room and in passing through,
He waved its silken wing, that he might show it,
Asking each fair:—"Does this belong to you?"
He'd told his friends the joke—could not forego it,
And they watched, too, to see him get his clew.
Sudden—Brown's pretty wife called from her chair:
"Why, Dick, that's mine! I've sought it everywhere."

Noted People.

Mrs. Mackay, the lady of many millions, is fond of gray walking dresses. She usually wears a mantle.

Miss Kate Greenaway, who owes so much of recognition and public appreciation, as well as of instruction, to Mr. Ruskin, has been at Coniston for some time past struggling with many a hard problem in drawing set her by the master. Kindly as he is, the professor is a difficult man to satisfy when he demands a high standard of execution.

The latest little Battenberg bantling will have to be content with three Christian prefixes, almost as if he were the child of a commoner. Leopold Arthur Louis were the names given at the baptism in St. George's recently. Her Majesty attended at the little function, despite rheumatism and some amount of languor and *malaise*, to which the Queen is always subject during the hot months of the year.

Mr. Frederic E. Weatherly, the author of Nancy Lee, the Three Old Maids of Lee, and other famous songs, says: "My nautical songs were written far from the sea, and my rural ones miles from the country. I obtain very few suggestions from reading, although ideas for love songs have occurred to me while reading Aristotle! The Academy has given me many suggestions. But to write, I must above all things feel happy. My most melancholy dirges were composed when I was in the best of spirits."

Queen Christina of Spain, who possesses the happy faculty of winning the personal affection of the people over whom she reigns on behalf of her infant son, must have added enormously to her popularity by her courageous balloon adventure near Madrid. The elements are no respecters of persons, and it is not every lady who would care to trust herself in a balloon under any circumstances. Yet the undaunted Queen, heedless of the remonstrances of her lady-in-waiting—who respectfully declined the offer to accompany her—insisted upon taking part in the first trial of an entirely new military balloon, and thoroughly enjoyed the splendid bird's-eye view of her capital, which was the reward of her courage. One cannot help thinking that the Queen must have felt a qualm as she looked towards her palace and thought of the little fatherless baby-King, to whom she is everything in the world; but happily the descent was accomplished in perfect safety.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* relates the following amusing occurrence anent the poet Browning: "One day while driving through High street, Kensington, I saw a funny sight. A party of Yankee schoolmarms—a whole Cook's excursion—had caught sight of Robert Browning walking briskly down the street past Albert Hall, and recognized him by his photograph. With a wild whoop they all gave chase. He crossed the street to avoid them, then dodged into the park. They followed and pursued him round and round the Albert Memorial, until at last they played the Juliet and the Nurse dodge, and rushed at him from all sides. As I looked back a gaunt female had him by the hand, and they were all looking at him with an eager, hungry gaze, as if they were going to preserve his every word—to can them, in fact—and take them back to Boston. I was in terror till I saw him the next time for fear that in their desire for souvenirs they might not leave him a single hair, but he bobbed up just as bright as ever, so perhaps it is a common experience."

It may not be generally known that Lord Aldobert Percy Cecil, who was drowned recently at Kingston, was the grandson of the "Cottage Countess," the Lady of Burleigh, whose fortunes Lord Tennyson has celebrated. At the end of the last century, Lord Percy's grandfather obtained a divorce from his wife, and retired to the village of Bolas, in Shropshire, bent upon shunning the society of his kind, especially of the female portion of it. He soon, however, became passionately attached to a village beauty, and married her under an assumed name, giving out that he was a traveling artist. The following year, by the death of his uncle, he became the Earl of Exeter, and was then obliged to reveal to his wife his rank. She accompanied him to Burleigh, where, if the Laureate is to be relied upon, she was none of the happiest, and she fell into a decline. She lived long enough, however, to become the mother of three sons—one of whom was the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Percy's father, and one daughter, who was the mother of the present Duke of Wellington.

On Monday at the London hospital Sir Andrew Clark, the great physician, was presented with a portrait of himself. It was painted by the late Frank Hiol and was subscribed for by the medical and surgical staff and certain friends of the hospital. Sir Andrew Clark commenced the career which has proved so brilliant and successful as a hard-working, plain-living young Scotch student, within the walls of the institution where he was the recipient of this recognition of his great abilities. And it was due to the persistent pleading of one of the patients, grateful for benefits received at the hands of "young Mr. Clark," that Mrs. Gladstone, then as now ardently interested in the hospital, was induced to seek advice for Herbert Gladstone, then a delicate boy, of the young doctor who is now famous. Subsequently Mr. Clark attended the youthful Herbert while at Eton with marked success. Then Mr. Gladstone put his valuable life into his hands and Andrew Clark's fortune was made. From that day to this patients and honors have crowded upon Sir Andrew until he is to-day celebrated throughout the civilized world, and dispenses advice which is golden in more senses than one. Yet, to his honor be it recorded, he never forgets the old days of drudgery and spare living in the London Hospital, and no one is kinder or fuller of hearty encouragement to raw lads, provided they are in earnest, than the fashionable physician who was presented with his portrait in the very building in which he first planted his foot, with all the firmness characteristic of his race, on the lowest rung of the ladder which has led him, while still comparatively a young man, to fame and fortune.

Letters from Sylvan Solitudes.

CAMP DUFFERIN, July 15, 1889.

There is camping and camping. Our camping consists of a sort of communistic order of government. We are bound by no conventional rules or forms whatever—a happy-go-lucky kind of existence—and we are only brought to face the sad realities of life when we find that our bread has come to an untimely end, or that our butter had become "small by degrees and beautifully less," or that, though sawdust may be a good thing in its way, it is quite unnecessary to our happiness in the sugar-bowl. For the same reason we are inclined to view with a jaundiced eye the presence of vinegar in the teapot, and so on with a list of the minor difficulties of camp life. But who cares for any of them, with this perfect freedom from care, a blue sky overhead, green grass below, and our lovely lake under us shining through the trees, nothing to do but dream, and even feeling happiness when our pleasant meditations are rudely interrupted by the voice of our maid (and Mary is nothing if not practical) who says: "Will you please to come to dinner, ma'am!" Who is it who calls the dinner bell "the tocsin of the soul?" It is glaring and evident that he was possessed of a proper appetite and in a feeling way understood the realities of camping.

We are simply roughing it, lying on straw mattresses placed on the ground, and we have a singular feeling of contentment when the rain descends and patters on our good stout canvas; and on such evenings as these we relate stories with a good strong plot (only such stories passing muster for camp lore), and the rain, the swish-swish of the branches of the trees, the darkness, with occasional thunderburst and flashes of lightning, help unwittingly our supernatural insinuations. Altogether, it is delightful. Peradventure, some lucky one may catch a few trout, much to his or her surprise, as the case may be; but one rule is rigidly adhered to. We one and all join issue in frowning down any superhuman fish story.

Again, we are in a dense wood. What is that mysterious sh—sh which continues without ceasing? There is no perceptible wind. We catch glimpses of bright blue sky, with feathery white clouds sailing overhead in occasional breaks in this vivid green surrounding us, and still, always, we hear this unaccountable sh—sh, and a thought comes to us. Is it possible that in pre-historic ages animate life was, where now is merely inanimate, and that the leaves of the trees are holding communion with one another; but only our spiritual sense can realize this eternal fitness of things, as it seems to us. And as we walk on we come to an uneven stream, which flows through an avenue of trees. It is almost dusk here Fallen trunks lying across the stream, add a peculiar beauty of their own to the shadows already there, and far away lying (as it seems to us) across the sky, is thrown out the gaunt arm of a tree to high heaven, as if in mute protest to the descoration that is going on; some of its fellows lying low, victims of the woodman's axe.

Farther on still we see through this natural arch, as it winds on its uneven course, the checkered flecks of sunlight falling on tender leaves of all shades of green, making a scene like fairyland—in truth, ideally beautiful. But what pen could tell of its manifold charms? Enough to say we are happy in looking at it. We can understand the practical illustration of the phrase, "the peace which passeth all understanding." It comes to us all here. Whatever our doubts may be, in being alone with nature we must admit the evidence of a wise controlling hand and pity the agnostic who, not being able to practically realize the evidence of things unseen, calmly says he "knows nothing."

Again, who could describe the beauty and calm of this small lake, with "night's pale queen" sailing majestically over the pale sky, the shimmering water, the peculiar green of the trees, possessing a misty beauty bathed in moonlight, and last but certainly not least, our voices rising melodiously on the night air, and reverberating tunefully from distant hills to us again in that most elegant of classical college songs, "There is a Tavern in the Town." The lake is semi-circular in shape, and all around it rise tier upon tier of differently shaded trees from the edge of the lake to the horizon, and on moonlight nights it is not difficult to let the imagination have full swing and see theoretically the head of a redskin peeping through this close undergrowth, yelling his hideous war-whoop in defiance of his enemy in ambush on the other side. Reality assures us of the fact conclusively that the poor Indian is no more. Perhaps in the happy hunting grounds the scalp of his enemy hangs at his belt, and the sad fact of the extermination of his race, which seems to us to be the only practical solution of this vexed Indian question, is merely an unhappy dream to him, and that he is there able to indulge in his amiable little peculiarities as to sketchy, uncleanly attire, war-paint and scalps. But alas for the noble red man of Fennimore Cooper's imaginative creation,

"We see him only in our dreams."

Again, who can faithfully imitate the "chorus of the frogs," who serenade us at the witching hour of midnight? The great grandfather, and evidently baton-holder of the party, has a deep bass. It strongly reminds us of a very flat banjo string held. Banjo players will understand what is meant by that. "Twang! twang!" he goes. And at the back of us is the whip-poor-will singing its pretty, plaintive notes; and in pleasing contrast to this is the tapping of the woodpecker. And what is this creeping over our canvas? We get up to reconnoitre, being strongly antagonistic to snakes, and on poking that part of the tent from which the sound proceeds we hear the scampering of a squirrel, and with a decided sigh of relief return to our lowly couch.

Before coming to camp, however, we were made to feel rather anxious as to the desirability of coming into such close proximity to so many navvies, who were represented as something of a *noli me tangere* manner. The Prince of Wales is nothing if not a diplomatist, and I am told that he did not intend to ask the country to portion his eldest daughter upon her marriage, but that he yielded to the wish of the Queen. Probably few will grudge the young Princess her £6,000 a year, though, after all, there is really no excuse for such a claim upon the public, as Lord Fife is worth £30,000 a year, upon a moderate calculation. It is now generally thought that the marked abstention of royalty from taking any active part in the Portland wedding is accounted for, and that there was a time when it was thought possible that the Duke of Portland and not the Earl of Fife would have enjoyed the brilliant distinction of a connection by marriage with the Royal family.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

The Captain's Daughter.

A BALLAD OF THE CANAL.

How slow the summer days go by, at old Lock Number One,—
The slow canal, the woods and sky, in the bright glare of the sun!
Then, oh! what use to live, to live,
If this through life's my lot—
A human clod, through life to plod,
And then to die forgot!

A lazy lounge in the lock-house shade, for few boats pass to-day;
Then the eyes half close in a dreamy doze, and the fancies idly stray
To her, the one I love, I love;
And the soft June breezes blow,
While the bitter strife with work-day life
I seem no more to know.

So I dreamily lie asleep-awake, cool though the heat motes quiver,
Happy, though the sound the riffles make seems a moan from the distant river.
Then, oh! if life were all summer-time,
And summer-time all June,
Would the wandering breeze, through the old oak trees,
Still hum with the same sweet tune?

Hark! the sound of bells, so low, so sweet, though their clear sound sadly tells
That weary feet, through dust and heat, plod on to the sound of the bells.
And, oh! I know their sound, their sound;
And mule bells though they be,
Sweetly they ring, for I know they bring
The one I love to me.

Now, there is the boat itself in sight—I knew it was the Fairy—
And my heart beats light, all life seems bright, for there on the deck is Mary;
For her sweet voice I'll hear, I'll hear,
And her sweet face I'll see;
And eyes so bright with a soft love light
Will lovingly gaze on me,
And lovingly gaze on me. *Puck.*

At the Door.

Tell me before you go—
You really do not know?
HE—I really don't.
SHE—Absurd!
HE—I don't, upon my word!

SHE.

We've been engaged a week—
No, no, please let me speak.
HE—But, dear, I take it back.

SHE.

You interrupt me, Jack.
We've been engaged a week—
Don't try to look so meek—
And you really cannot say
If my eyes are black or gray?

HE.

I can make that, dear, quite plain
If you'll let me—
SHE—Well, explain.

HE.

Love, my land of promise lies
In the rainbow of your eyes!
They're red, dear, when you weep
Beneath their lashes' sweep,
And blue as summer seas,
When all goes as you please;
And tawny when you're vexed,
And violet when perplexed,
And I've seen them green, you know,
When—
SHE—Good night, sir, you may go! —*Life*

Sunday Band Playing.

The Bishop of Durham is indeed a black swan among bishops. On the Sunday after his return to his diocese the outer park of the episcopal palace at Bishop Auckland was thrown open to the public, and, by permission of the Bishop, a military band played the following selection of music to a crowd several thousands strong:—

Overture	"Festival"	Leutner
Selection	"Yeomen of the Guard"	Sullivan
Valse	"Summer Night in Munich"	Wallace
Fantasia	"Maritana"	Wallace
Fantasia	"Reminiscences of all Nations"	Godfrey
Chorus	"Hallelujah"	Handel
	National Anthem.	

I can only say that I am heartily glad to see so enlightened and liberal-minded a prelate as Dr. Lightfoot back again in harness, and I hope that he may long be spared to the cause of rational Sunday observance. But I rather wonder what the rest of the lawn-sleeved clerics will say, or think, of the above performance.—London, Eng., *Truth.*

Royal Match-making.

The betrothal of the Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife has been entirely the result of the Queen's influence. The Prince of Wales, although a strong personal friend of the Earl's, was for a long time quite unable to reconcile himself to the idea of a union between a daughter of his and a husband not of blood-royal; but the Queen's persistent advocacy of the match carried the day, and the union will be one of hearts as well as hands. With regard to Lord Fife, one might have wished that the disparity in age between himself and his future wife had been somewhat less pronounced; but against this we have to set the facts that he is amiable, accomplished, of blameless life, and liberally endowed with this world's goods. Despite his geniality and *bon homie*, the Heir Apparent has very rigid notions of the claims of royal blood, and no one has more persistently snubbed the Marquis of Lorne than the Prince of Wales. It will no longer be possible for His Royal Highness to cold shoulder the clan Campbell, and I am glad of it, for Lord Lorne is an able and amiable man, who has paid more than a reasonable penalty for the honor of wedding the Queen's clever, proud, but not most amiable daughter. Lord Fife's family motto is *virtute et opera*—valor and work. The former is represented by his lordship's honorary colonelcy of the Banffshire Artillery Volunteers, and the latter by his partnership in the banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Co., 1 Cavendish square. The Earl of Fife is a lineal descendant of Thane Macduff, the rival of Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor, and, as becomes, perhaps, a scion of so old a family, is somewhat haughty in his manner, although this may perhaps be explained by his lordship's K. T. ship, as it is only natural that a Knight of the Thistle should have something of a *noli me tangere* manner. The Prince of Wales is nothing if not a diplomatist, and I am told that he did not intend to ask the country to portion his eldest daughter upon her marriage, but that he yielded to the

Out of a Calm Sea.

Miss Roxie Sands (after the big wave has subsided)—Why, Mr. Crouton, I thought you weren't going in to-day.

Mr. Peasley Crouton (who didn't see it coming)—I'm not—I'm coming out.—*Puck.*

A Primeval Joke.

"Noah was correct," was the pensive remark of the last of the antediluvians, as he sat on the sharp edge of a rock and reluctantly laved his shrinking feet in the rising tide; "he said there would be a deluge, and there's no deluge on about this. And as he chuckled hoarsely over the base remark, a pterydactylesophagaurian, floating near by with a view to picking up anything that might happen, remarked that a fellow couldn't be expected to stand everything, and, opening a mouth somewhat longer than his entire body, took the humorist in out of the wet.

Didn't Mind The Heat.

"Wife," he called, "where's my umbrella?"

"Why, it is not raining, John—nor are there any indications of a shower."

"I know it. But the sun is fairly scorching—altogether too hot to walk two blocks to the office without the protection of an umbrella."

A couple of hours later he was sitting on the crowded "bleacheries" watching a game of base ball, and for two hours he was bathed in a flood of sunshine that sent the thermometer up to 109.

In South Carolina.

Brother Sambo—I have neither time nor inclination to pass paregorics on the deceased.

Brother Pompey—Panegyrics!

Brother Sambo—As you please, sir. The words are synchronomous.

A Sheaf of Jokes.

"He would not dare," said some one of a very circumspect and cautious person, "to speak disrespectfully of Father Adam, for fear of offending some of his descendants."

Smawl—Say, Little, why don't you send your boy to school?

Little—Dassn't. They say a Little learning is a dangerous thing.

Smith (to milkman)—I'll have to ask you to chalk it up.

Milkman (abstractedly)—Oh, that's all been attended to—oh—er—beg your pardon; certainly, take your own time."

If we were to choose the most appropriate symbol of the fleeting, the evanescent, the perishable, the decaying, the here to-day and gone to-morrow, perhaps it would be a pair of boy's boots.

Lady—These strawberries look very large and ripe.

Little boy (who is selling strawberries for the first time)—Yes, mum, the little white ones are all underneath.

Witticus—Do you know what gender the dude is?

Pitticus—What?

Witticus—Neuter.

Pitticus—Well, that isn't—neutur anybody.

Higgle—Niggle is waking up at last. He is paying attention to Miss Wiggle.

Piggle—Is that so? Well, that is the first time I ever heard of the old beat paying anything to anybody.

Enraptured young lady (gazing upward, and addressing young newspaper man)—What a wonderful thing is space! Do you ever feel overwhelmed by its immensity?

Young newspaper man—I should rather think I do; I have a column of it to fill every day.

At Long Branch.

Dolly—See that Miss Fortietew! She never uses a parasol while she is at the beach and she gets tanned dun brown before the end of the season.

Polly—Well, she's on the shady side of life and knows she don't require a parasol.

Tom—I hear, Old Soak, that you throw dice with your wife to settle the number of drinks you are to take, having promised to go by that system.

Old Soak—Yes, and I always throw double sixes, and go out and get loaded.

Tom—Like the double sixes, I suppose?

Old Soak—Of course.

On the farm.

Laura (at tennis)—O dear!

Maura—What's the matter?

Laura—Why, the ball is lost and it is the last one of the lot that we brought from New York.

Maura—Never mind. I'll run into the house and get one of those biscuits they put on the table for breakfast.

A half-famished fellow tells of a baker whose loaves had been growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less, who, when going on his round to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one of them and knocked. The lady within exclaimed:

"Who's there?" and was answered,

"The baker."

"What do you want?"

"To leave your bread."

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; put it through the keyhole."

"I say, mister, I want some of this here new tea," said a sturdy miner to the grocer.

"Oolong, Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Japan—any of these?" said the grocer.

"No, you ain't mentioned it yet. My gal's been up to Lunnon, and she says it's all the go there. You see, a lot of women get together in the afternoon and drink it," replied the countryman.

"Oh, you mean five o'clock tea!" said the grocer.

"You've rung the bell, young man. Give me a pound of five o'clock tea."

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVII.

The funeral was over. With all due pomp and ceremony Edward Baldwin Lancelot, ninth Baron Elwyn, had been laid amongst his fathers in the family vault in Clorchester Cathedral, and Alfred Angus his cousin reigned in his stead.

The new lord had been kind and considerate in his treatment of his cousin's widow, and had entreated her to continue to make Clortell Towers her home so long as it suited her to do so.

"In fact, until I marry I do not see why you should even contemplate a move," he had said to her courteously, when pressing her to remain.

"And you intend to marry soon, Alfred?" inquired the widow.

"I shall certainly marry as soon as I can get Kathleen to fix a date; but I must of course give her time to recover from the shock of poor Edward's death."

Lady Elwyn shivered. Everybody knew the history of that terrible death-bed scene. Mr. Williams had quite enough to do to tell of that dreadful story, and far and wide had related it to his friends and clients, dwelling with careful minuteness upon its every detail. He had told how he had been summoned upstairs by Miss Maitland, presumably to make some alteration in his lordship's will, and how, as he crossed the threshold of the sick room, a gaunt form arrayed in a white night shirt had stalked towards them from the bed, and how, seizing Lucille by the air and frightening Elwyn had shaken her wildly and yelled forth hideous curses upon her.

"I think he mistook her for his daughter, with whom he must have had some quarrel," Mr. Williams was wont to explain; "for he kept on telling her she had deceived him and holding her go back to her lover at the farm;" and then Mr. Williams used to enlarge on the final scene, and tell how, foaming at the mouth and shouting out horrible imprecations, Lord Elwyn had been suddenly struck by a kind of fit brought on by the paroxysms of his rage, and had fallen back heavily, convulsed and rigid, stone-dead upon the floor; whilst the unfortunate Lucille had fled, shrieking along the passages, and had been cast out of her mind in a darkened room ever since.

The meanest scullery-maid at the Castle knew all about it quite as well as Lady Elwyn did, and was able to form her own theories on the subject of the causes of the poor man's death as clearly as she did.

With the horrible injustice which had always characterized her dealings towards her stepdaughter, Lady Elwyn persisted in declaring that it was Kathleen who had been the indirect cause of her father's death. Some dreadful revelation concerning her had, she declared, too evidently come to his ears, and he had sent for Mr. Williams to alter his will in consequence; but, before he could do so, the shock of the discovery he had made about her had unhinged his brain and killed him. That was how Lady Elwyn put it to herself and to those who surrounded her. She utterly refused to see Kathleen, shuddering visibly and letting her face in her hands whenever her name was mentioned.

"I look upon her as a murderess—as the worst form of murderess—a parricide!" she would cry. "And my poor Lucille is suffering in her stead, stricken down by the shame and by the curses that should have been poured, not upon her, but upon that wretched wicked girl!"

She entreated Alfred not to marry her. It was no longer an object to her to be rid of the girl, and it maddened her to think she would step into the position herself she had been forced to resign. But Alfred Elwyn was not so foolish as to be moved by her arguments. Whether Kathleen had been the cause of dreadful or not—whether she had or had not been morally guilty of her father's death—mattered not one straw to the new lord, because that unaltered will of her father's had still left him therefore she inherited the bulk of fortune intact. That was a fact: all the rest was conjecture. Lady Elwyn's jealousy and impetuosity, he argued, had caused her to quit the estate, and Lucille's legacy, which her uncle had certainly meant to take away from her because he had touched, altered grudged that legacy to Lucille horribly, knowing that it was but by accident that it came to her; but everything else—and everything amounted to ninety-and-a-half a hundred thousand pounds in good solid securities—went to Lord Elwyn's daughter and heiress.

Alfred wisely deemed this to be quite good enough; and so he intended to keep Kathleen to her oath, to ignore and forget those uncomfortable insinuations about her past misdemeanors, and to marry her as speedily as he could. The money was too great a bait for him as she had not the smallest intention of letting it go from a question of mere sentiment.

"I can keep a pretty sharp look-out over my lady after I am married to her," he said to himself. "I'll take good care she has no occasion for tripping when once she is my wife! As to this old mystery, it will come in very usefully, no doubt, to keep her in order with." But he meant to marry her all the same.

Meanwhile poor Kathleen was a prey to the utermost misery and wretchedness. Thoroughly unhappy at her father's death, distressed beyond measure by the terrible accusations brought against her by her step-mother, and filled with horror that she should for one moment be held responsible for the death of the dear father for whose sake only she had been guilty of making a promise which she never intended to fulfil, she felt that she was now in a far worse position and in a more dreadful dilemma than at any previous time of her life.

For days after her father's funeral Clortell Towers was indeed a house of woe and mourning. Lucille was seriously ill, lying in a darkened room, light-headed, and in a high fever; Lady Elwyn kept to her own apartments, and refused to see her stepdaughter or to listen to her repeated entreaties that she would at all events grant her one interview. Sir Adrian had gone up to London on business, and the time of his return was uncertain; whilst Laurence Hoyle had very properly taken his departure by the very same train that had conveyed Sir Augustus Rolls back to London on the night of Lord Elwyn's tragic death. As to the new Lord Elwyn, Kathleen did not regret—indeed she experienced a feeling of thankfulness—that he was so immersed in important affairs as to take but little notice of her. But the upshot of it all was that the poor girl was utterly and entirely alone in these days of her bitterest unhappiness. No one comforted her, no one helped her, no one even essayed to lighten the burden of her sorrow by endeavoring to change the current of her miserable thoughts.

One day, arrayed in her deep mourning garments, she crept out by herself for a solitary ramble in the winter-stricken park. She walked aimlessly across the gray colorless grass and the brown debris of the withered bracken; her feet and skirts got very wet as she passed along the dank and sodden dead leaves, and the wind shivered coldly and moaningly about her bent form, whilst it failed to quicken into color the blanched outlines of her sad face. Presently she found herself wandering by the side of a large wood that stretched upwards along the slope of a hill; she had reached one of the lots of the pleasant coverts on the estate. Through the dense undergrowth of nut and alder bushes broad paths had been cleared along which many a party of sportsmen had walked on bright winter days when the beaters were driving the pheasants to their doom before the guns. Now all was silent and desserted. The new lord had not begun shooting again since his cousin's death, and the keepers had the woods to themselves for the present.

Kathleen sat down upon a fallen log close to the entrance of the woods, and became lost in her own unhappy thoughts and in forebodings concerning her future life.

"After all, I had better marry Tom Darley," said the poor girl to herself, as the tears fell from her eyes. "I should be afraid to marry anybody else whilst he holds me to my engagement with him, and I shall be homeless apparently, for Lady Elwyn will not forgive me, and I can not live with her in London; nor can I live here with Alfred Elwyn. I should be thrown alone upon the world. It will be far better for me to end it all and marry Tom. I have money; I might improve him perhaps—take him abroad and travel; we might indeed settle in some other country—in Australia or in New Zealand, where people do not inquire into a man's origin and where a little roughness is forgiven. Tom at least has loved me constantly and devotedly; he has good in him, although he is common and rough; no one else on earth really wants me. Alfred Elwyn does not love me, though he wishes to marry me; but I do not think it is for myself, but for the money my poor father has left to me. I should not be very happy as his wife; perhaps even I should be happier with Tom. We could take a large farm—everybody farms in New Zealand—and he would have plenty of occupation, and we could ride and drive and lead a healthy out-of-door life. Tom would soften and improve, no doubt; and I—I could perhaps forget if I were on the other side of the world."

At this point of her meditations she heard voices approaching her on the outside of the wood, and through the opening of the path where she sat she saw two men in corduroy suits and leather gaiters walking togo her on the farther side of the hedge. They carried guns and game bags, and were evidently keepers—one of them, the little knew quite well: his name was Burgess, and he had been head keeper for many years on the estate, and was a respectable middle-aged man.

Kathleen drew back a little from the shelter of the trees, not desiring at such a time to be forced to address the man or to listen to any words of sympathy from his lordship's wife, if necessary to speak to her. She remained concealed and sat very quiet, and, as they went by, she overheard a fragmentary portion of their conversation.

"He's tried for it two or three times afore, Bill," said Burgess—"once more nor three years ago, and once three months back; but his late lordship wouldn't have him. Can't think why, I'm sure. He's a respectable young man too—comes of good enough stock, I'm sure; she knowed all about 'un. Seen better days, and lost 'is money; but the old lord 'e wouldn't have 'un."

"And 'e's got it now, ye say, Burgess?" inquired Bill.

"Yes—got it right enough. I went myself to the Colonel this very morning in the gun room, and says I, 'Colonel'—that is my lord, in course—'this 'ere man wants the place, and I can speak for 'un as being your cousin's friend, and my lord says, 'Do as you like, Burgess—any man you recommend in course I'd take on your word; and, as we want a gamekeeper as there is another afore next week.' That I call 'an som' of his lordship, you know, Bill—shows confidence in me, ye see!"

"Ay, ay, and shows he be comin' out again arter this week, don't it? And a good job too—these coverts want shootin', and nobody can wind grieve for ever over a dead man as is buried."

"Right ye are, Bill; and so I says."

The voices died on in the distance. Kathleen had heard every word; but the whole conversation was profoundly uninteresting to her. She had listened indeed with her outward ears; but the words had made no impression upon her inward mind. She was destined to recall them later on and to realize when too late their terrible significance.

When the two keepers had passed completely out of sight, she rose and went slowly down the hill-side towards the Castle. On her way she went herself and the garden lay the lake. The beautiful sheet of water looked cold and gray and lifeless beneath the winter skies. There were no boats upon it; even the swans had vanished; and the little islet in the center, which in summer was like a green gem starred with gay flowers, was now bare and colorless and gray. The borders of this lake were laid out with winding paths and shrubberies, so that it was at all times a favorite walk with the family at the Castle. It should not long before have been a very great surprise to Kathleen when, on turning a corner of the winding path, she found herself suddenly face to face with Sir Adrian Deverell. The color however rushed in a hot wave to her pale face at the sight of him, and the light of a wholly unconsidered joy leapt up into her startled and delighted eyes.

"Oh, you have come back then!" she cried, as she put out both hands to greet him.

"An hour ago. I was wondering where on earth you had hidden yourself." So he had come out to look for her! she thought, with a guilty gladness. He took her hand and passed it within his arm, keeping it a prisoner there with his other hand. "You are tired! No! Then let us walk a little while longer." They turned round with her by the margin of the lake.

"You have heard the last news of Lucille, I suppose!" she inquired, in order to conceal her embarrassment.

"Yes—much better, the nurse says. She is conscious—slept well last night, and has taken a sufficient amount of nourishment all day. Lucille will soon be well. It is of you I wanted to speak. Kathleen, what is going to become of you?" he asked, looking at her earnestly and anxiously.

She gave no answer beyond a sigh.

"Your future is terribly on my mind, dear! I have seen Lady Elwyn; she is very hard and bitter against you. I fear, even if she consented to it, you would not find a happy home with her."

"Oh, no, no! She has refused to see me—she will do nothing for me."

"Kathleen, what was the history of that dreadful night?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I do not know, Adrian."

"You mean that nothing said or done by you had any bad influence upon your poor father's state!"

"Nothing, as there is a Heaven above us, Adrian—I never said one word to grieve or upset him! We had parted on the very best of terms; just before I left London door upon him he had kissed me fondly and called me his dear child. I am glad to think of it now," she added, in a voice choked with tears.

Adrian pressed tenderly the hand he held.

"And yet," he said, after a few moments, "it is quite certain that he did receive some terrible shock which, as the doctor had predicted, proved fatal to him. He was going on so well—they were so full of hope—some untoward accident must have occurred! Kathleen, can you think what it was?"

"I do not know," she answered sadly.

"But can you guess!" he persisted.

She shook her head. Kathleen was not of the nature which can slander an enemy on suspicion, more especially an enemy who could not defend herself. At the bottom of her heart she thought she knew what it was that Lucille Maitland had done; but for an empire she would not have spoken the words that would have blackened her so fearfully in Adrian's eyes. But Adrian himself was not without suspicions.

"Can you imagine what it was that Lucille had to do with it?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I only know what Mr. Williams has said to everybody," she answered sadly—"that my poor father rushed at them both as they entered the room and showered upon her curses which were meant for me, and that he fell back dead before their eyes. Oh, I cannot think they were meant for me, those curses!" she wailed. "I had done everything he wished—we thought—so that nothing should trouble or agitate him!"

"My poor child, it is terrible for you!" he murmured compassionately. "But Lucille is—"

"Remember that Lucille has been ill and delirious ever since—she has been able to give no explanation of what happened. When she is better, she may be able to throw some light upon the terrible end of my dear father's life. You, Adrian—you, at least, do not believe me to be so wicked as Lady Elwyn declares I am—do you?"

"My dearest Kathleen, who that knew you could think so! I want to ask you one question only. Do you think it possible that Lucille saw your poor father alone between the time that the doctors left him and the time that she fetched Mr. Williams to his room! And how do you account for the fact of her being the messenger sent to find him?"

Kathleen thought deeply for some moments; then she sighed.

"No," she said, with decision, "I do not think it possible. Mr. Williams' account is that she came down and told him that Mr. Hyams had sent her for him. Lucille could have seen only the nurse. I suppose she had gone to his door to inquire—we were all anxious, you remember!—to learn the verdict of Sir Augustus."

"And Mrs. Hyams never left your father?"

"Oh, never—of course not!"

"Where is Mrs. Hyams?"

"In London, I believe. She went away that very night by the last train."

"I wonder if I could get her address from Doctor Grieves?" mused Adrian, half to himself; but Kathleen did not hear him.

"Do not, I pray you, dwell upon this sad topic any longer!" she entreated. "It makes me so miserable; and nothing can alter what has happened. It makes no difference, save that Lady Elwyn refuses to give me a home with her."

"And does not that make all the difference, Kathleen? What on earth is to become of you? What are you going to do?"

She grew very pale; she stood still upon the path, and, drawing her hand gently but firmly from his, faced him in silence.

"Kathleen, they tell me that you are going to marry Alfred," he said to her, in a low voice.

"I promised my father to do so."

"Are you going to keep that promise?"

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw that he was no less agitated than she was; he too was pale and trembling. Their eyes met—there was a pause in the intensity of that look. Before she could answer his question, a torrent of words broke impetuously from his lips.

"Heaven knows that it is hard enough for me to say so—that it half breaks my heart to give you such advice—that the day that will see you another man's wife will be the burial day of all that can be called life in my heart; but, for all that, I must think of you and not of myself, Kathleen! My darling, I want to tell you that I have tried—tried hard—to get her to set me free; but she will not, Kathleen—she will not! She wants my wretched money and my name, and the place which unfortunately time I fear I were so presumptuous as to offer you a sixpence, she would not want me; but because of this accursed wealth, which I cannot get rid of, she will not let me go. I am a poor, poor, I should be free—free to love you, Kathleen! As it is—as it is, I dare not even picture to myself the bliss of such a thing! He bent his head and buried his face between his hands, and for a few seconds great tearless sobs, terrible to witness in a strong man, shook his whole frame. It was but for a few seconds, and during which she stood helpless and terrified with her hand on his arm; and then he drew himself up bravely and with a pale face. "Enough—enough of this shameful weakness!" he cried brokenly. "It is unmanly to break down like this! Strength will do about come to me to bear my burden. It is of you, my child, that I would speak—of your life—of your future. Kathleen, I think you had better keep your promise to your father and marry Alfred Elwyn."

"Oh, no, no," she cried—and in her eyes there was the look of a hunted creature—"not that—not that! This very day I am going to ask him to let me off that promise. Adrian, he does not love me. It is the same as with you—he only wants the money I shall bring him to keep up the title. Besides, there is another reason—a reason I cannot tell you—which makes it impossible; even if you were free—if Lucille gave you your liberty to-day—I could not be your wife. There is only one man on earth I can ever marry."

"Not that man, Kathleen," he said, in a horror-stricken whisper—"that man I saw you with on the terrace, to whom I heard you give a promise. It is not that man you mean?"

She bent her head sadly in sorrowful assent.

"But this is horrible—outrageous!" he cried, wildly. "What hold can a person of such kind have upon Lord Elwyn's daughter! What possible claim can such a person dare to make!"

"I claim Lord Elwyn's daughter's word it has given to him, Adrian," she answered sadly.

"Say no more! My past is bound to my present by fetters of iron. I cannot shake myself free of it. Do not ask me more; it wearies me even to think of it."

"And you intend to marry this—this person!"

"I do not know. I hope not—not if I can help it—not if I can live unmarried. But what am I to do? I cannot live here. I may not live with Lady Elwyn. If I were poor, I might go and earn my living as a governess or companion, and so find a home. But how can I—a heiress with ninety-eight thousand pounds—live alone at my age?"

"My dearest Kathleen, better that she should live alone than marry beneath her to certain misery! Remember, dear, that your life sooner than do such a terrible thing! Find out some old friend—is there not one of your schoolfellows?—or else advertise and engage a companion, and go and live wherever you fancy—in London or in the country—anywhere, so long as you remain free to lead your own life in peace."

She looked at him earnestly. The idea was entirely new to her; and the advice was his. What alone would have recommended it to her.

"I have never thought of that," she said thoughtfully. "It would be that certainly if—if I could."

"She meant if she could get rid both of Lord Elwyn and of Tom Darley. Was there any spot on earth where those two men would not hunt her out and persecute her with their unwelcome solicitations? Kathleen doubted it. Nevertheless the scheme was worthy of careful consideration. "Thank you very much, Adrian. Your advice is sensible, if only I could manage to follow it. I will, at any rate, think it over carefully, and endeavor to do as you have suggested. I am very grateful to you," she said, after a pause; "you have always been good to me."

"And you will let me help you!"

"Oh, yes! That is, if—if it is possible—Oh, it will be better not to anger her, Adrian—when she is better, it will be wiser for you to go away!"

He could not but see that she was right.

"I suppose so," he answered gloomily.

"Go now," she said softly. "Let us go back to the house by different ways. Lucille's window looks this way; her maid perhaps—" She hesitated.

"Yes—I understand your meaning; I know you are right. I will go in. Follow me quickly to the house by the farther side of the lake. It is getting late and damp, and your skirts and boots are wet already. Promise to come in quickly and change them, child."

She smiled almost gaily at the practical nature of his suggestions, and promised obedience. Then he raised her hand to his lips, and, dropping it swiftly, turned and left her.

There was a movement behind the laurel bushes close by. Kathleen looked round sharply. She almost fancied that somebody was concealed behind them. She stood still for a moment and listened, and, hearing nothing more, took the longer and more circuitous route back to the castle.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

DOLLY, Chatham.—Professor Dorenwend, Yonge street, Toronto, sells a preparation for bleaching the hair. 2. Messrs. D. & W. Sutherland, 286 Yonge street, Toronto, deal largely in second-hand books.

GRACE, Toronto.—I do not know if anything to keep the hair from redness. There are plenty of hair washes to make it lighter. If you are careful to wash it seldom wi h soft water and use a soft brush for keeping it clean it will get the darkest color that is natural to it.

PATIENCE M., Barrie.—Your handwriting is very good, and c nveys much character. You are probably inclined to be light-hearted and somewhat frivolous, with occasional spells of meek obedience. Your writing indicates a generous, sanguine temperament, coupled with a faculty for close observation.

GRACE, Toronto.—If the redness of the face is the result of a full habit, the only thing we can recommend is to take plenty of exercise and to pay attention to diet, avoiding oily fat, rich and stimulating food, to keep the body healthy and prevent the excessive a cumulation of flesh. Tight lacing sometimes gives rise to a florid complexion.

CURIOUS, Ottawa.—Your writing indicates that you are possessed of considerable individuality and strength of character, combining the self-discipline necessary to bring out its powers to the best advantage. 2 Barbers use bay rum to soften the skin after shaving, also a reputed magnesia. We cannot recommend any particular kind of soap. Any reliable druggist will supply you with a good brand.

C. E.—To get a position as a lumber buyer or inspector, you would require to have the confidence of a firm of dealers, and if you lack such credentials as would insure you that you could not hope to get such place without working your way into the position. There is no way of studying for a diploma in that sort of thing. The best way is to personally apply for some subordinate position, and if you are worthy the chances of your promotion are good.

MONICA C., Hamilton.—Your hair is a golden brown. It indicates a good constitution and well-developed form, full blooded and inclined to be sensual. You will never lose money on speculations, gaining the amount of money he is worth. Your disposition is even, but you are quick to resent interference or dictatorship. You will marry well; your husband will be slightly smaller than yourself. Though you may have matrimonial differences, the union will be altogether as happy as the average marriage.

SUBSCRIBER, City.—If you are twenty-four years old and the gentleman who desires to marry you is only forty-four, the disparity is not too great. Many of the happiest marriages are those undertaken after maturity, and are the result of wise judgment instead of ephemeral loveishness. Your writing indicates an upright and generous character, a disposition given to cheerful forms and conventionalities, and I should imagine that you are quite an exemplary young woman, not possessing any vast deal of personal beauty, withal attractive.

ACTOR.—If you want to fit yourself for the stage go to New York or Boston and enter one of the training schools there. It would require considerable money. Success in private theatricals is a good education but it is not sufficient preparation for the profession. If you are at the bottom is a poor paying profession, if you are at the top the salary is good. Under both circumstances it is very laborious. Good luck to you. Your writing indicates a quick and alert disposition, rather common place tendencies and is the sort one generally finds possessed by an entry clerk or telegraph operator.

DISTRESSED BOY, Ottawa.—1 Go to an architect if you want plans for houses. 2. Your writing indicates a poor education, an inclination to procrastinate and speculate, avoid both. 3. Be abstemious in your habits, avoid butter and all fatty substances and drink as little liquid as possible. 4 Very dark clothes or very light clothes always suit one with very dark or very light hair and complexion. Your writing indicates that you are fit for a business career. 5. A young man without an education, with no money and their health, could make a good servant. 6. If your hair is falling out put it as water on it, keep it cut short and brush it with a soft brush.

ANXIOUS AND LIST.—I should judge from your hair that you are a pair of very funny girls. The one with the light hair is more refined, the one with the dark locks is more impulsive, and, I should think, more subject from occasional headaches—than the other. Neither of you will ever come into any great fortune, but the lock of dark hair is from the head of a girl with many true friends, while the light lock indicates that its owner has a great many admirers. Those who love you are true and the best of kind fellows. 2. A nice present for a young gentleman is a pair of slippers, a pipe handkerchief case ornamented with silk or a large toilet and pincushion of plush or lace.

BERTHA M., St. Thomas.—If you are only seventeen you are too young to begin "keeping company" with any gentleman. If you are not and do not expect to be engaged to him you should not correspond with him unless with the knowledge of the family, neither should you give him your photograph. If he thinks enough of you to write to you he should ask your parents' permission, which would mean something preliminary to engagement etc. The fewer letters a young lady writes to a young man the better. They may be very innocent at the time of writing time, and when years have changed all the surrounding circumstances may bear a very different constru tion to most delicate minds. Your writing is that of a very intelligent and lovable disposition, mental capacity and aptitude for accomplishme to which do not require especial talent.

WITCH HAZEL, Country.—1. If a young woman loves a man and he asks her to marry him and knows that her parents are opposed to the match she should tell him she loves him that she will be true to him until she is of age and ask him to conduct himself so as to win the confidence of her parents. 2. If a lady meets a gentleman every two weeks for three years on business it would be quite proper for her to give her files with him if it is any weight in honor of the day if she had the journey to make and would have to walk if she did not accept his invitation. 3. It would be quite right for a young lady who is of business habits and on a business footing with a young man to ask him to write in her autograph album if she sees fit. 4. Your hair indicates a not overly refined nature. You are strong in your likes and dislikes and inclined to be unconventional and should be careful what people say of you. 5. Your writing is very good, indicates a candid and painstaking disposition and you will make a good woman if you will do if you adhere to the principles you have heretofore followed.

He Wouldn't Like to Hurt Him.

A good story is told in Melbourne, anent the late Dr. Bromby, the headmaster of the local grammar school. As he was flogging a recalcitrant boy, the lad fell against a fender. The doctor picked the youngster up and said, most compassionately, "Are you hurt, my poor boy?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

The doctor then went on flogging.

A Cool Reception.

Professor Zweibeer, of the University of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event.

"A little stranger has arrived."

"Eh?"

"It is a little boy."

"Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants."

Economized His Time.

Gadaway—How long did you stop in Paris?
Stopaway—Three days.
Gadaway—Then, you didn't see much of it?
Stopaway—Didn't! I was up three nights, and slept in the day time.

"WHAT MEDICINES ARE MOST CALLED FOR?"

asked the reporter of an old druggist.

"Dr. Pierce's preparations," he replied. "They are called for more and more every year and the happiest results are those undertaken after maturity, and are the result of wise judgment instead of ephemeral loveishness. Your writing indicates an upright and generous character, a disposition given to cheerful forms and conventionalities, and I should imagine that you are quite an exemplary young woman, not possessing any vast deal of personal beauty, withal attractive.

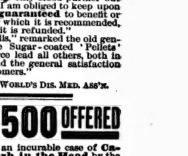
ACTOR.—If you want to fit yourself for the stage go to New York or Boston and enter one of the training schools there. It would require considerable money. Success in private theatricals is a good education but it is not sufficient preparation for the profession. If you are at the bottom is a poor paying profession, if you are at the top the salary is good. Under both circumstances it is very laborious. Good luck to you. Your writing indicates a quick and alert disposition, rather common place tendencies and is the sort one generally finds possessed by an entry clerk or telegraph operator.

DISTRESSED BOY, Ottawa.—1 Go to an architect if you want plans for houses. 2. Your writing indicates a poor education, an inclination to procrastinate and speculate, avoid both. 3. Be abstemious in your habits, avoid butter and all fatty substances and drink as little liquid as possible. 4 Very dark clothes or very light clothes always suit one with very dark or very light hair and complexion. Your writing indicates that you are fit for a business career. 5. A young man without an education, with no money and their health, could make a good servant. 6. If your hair is falling out put it as water on it, keep it cut short and brush it with a soft brush.

ANXIOUS AND LIST.—I should judge from your hair that you are a pair of very funny girls. The one with the light hair is more refined, the one with the dark locks is more impulsive, and, I should think, more subject from occasional headaches—than the other. Neither of you will ever come into any great fortune, but the lock of dark hair is from the head of a girl with many true friends, while the light lock indicates that its owner has a great many admirers. Those who love you are true and the best of kind fellows. 2. A nice present for a young gentleman is a pair of slippers, a pipe handkerchief case ornamented with silk or a large toilet and pincushion of plush or lace.

BERTHA M., St. Thomas.—If you are only seventeen you are too young to begin "keeping company" with any gentleman. If you are not and do not expect to be engaged to him you should not correspond with him unless with the knowledge of the family, neither should you give him your photograph. If he thinks enough of you to write to you he should ask your parents' permission, which would mean something preliminary to engagement etc. The fewer letters a young lady writes to a young man the better. They may be very innocent at the time of writing time, and when years have changed all the surrounding circumstances may bear a very different constru tion to most delicate minds. Your writing is that of a very intelligent and lovable disposition, mental capacity and aptitude for accomplishme to which do not require especial talent.

WITCH HAZEL, Country.—1. If a young woman loves a man and he asks her to marry him and knows that her parents are opposed to the match she should tell him she loves him that she will be true to him until she is of age and ask him to conduct himself so as to win the confidence of her parents. 2. If a lady meets a gentleman every two weeks for three years on business it would be quite proper for her to give her files with him if it is any weight in honor of the day if she had the journey to make and would have to walk if she did not accept his invitation. 3. It would be quite right for a young lady who is of business habits and on a business footing with a young man to ask him to write in her autograph album if she sees fit. 4. Your hair indicates a not overly refined nature. You are strong in your likes and dislikes and inclined to be unconventional and should be careful what people say of you. 5. Your writing is very good, indicates a candid and painstaking disposition and you will make a good woman if you will do if you adhere to the principles you have heretofore followed.



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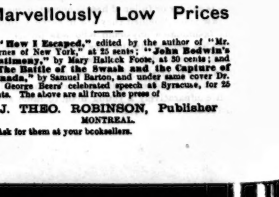

N. Y. Life.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Perhaps, Gabriel Dwight reflected, it would not be wise to goad her too far—such a woman might be capable of desperate things. However, in spite of her courage and her audacity, she was in his power, let her brave it as she would. His hand slipped farther into his breast pocket, and brought out a small packet. He put it upon the table between them as they stood, and rested his hand upon it. Perhaps he detected a turn of her eyes towards the fire, and saw that if she could she would have caught it up and flung it into the blaze.

"I obey you, Lady Oldcastle. Is that enough, or——"

"Wait!" she interrupted, with her former gesture, her eyes meeting his unflinchingly with. "A moment, Mr. Dwight! I am a methodical woman, and I possess a good memory. In my whole life I wrote but four letters that the whole world, had it pleased, might not have seen. This—with a meaningless lift of hand towards the packet—"is your property. I will see it, and all of it, before I make a bid to make it mine."

He hesitated again, and a chagrined, baffled look came over his face. She saw it with a spasm of mingled relief and bitter triumph. Let her once make that packet hers and she was safe. All the four letters which she dreaded were there, lying under his hand before her eyes. They were all he had and all he could produce.

"Show me," she said once more, "those four letters."

He complied, and slowly, always with his hand upon them and his wary eyes upon the alert, spread out each in turn upon the table before her. They were not long—a glance was sufficient to decipher the large plain handwriting, bold and dashing as a man's. Lady Oldcastle's face grew pale—pale as she looked at them—it was ashen white already; but, as she raised her eyes and saw the smile with which he was regarding her, she could once more have raised the clenched white hand that hung ready at her side, and struck him in his bland treacherous face.

"That is enough," she said curtly.

"You recognize them, Lady Oldcastle?"

"I do."

"And acknowledge them?"

"I say that I recognize them. Name your price!"

"At once?"

"Most certainly—at once."

"But, pardon me, Lady Oldcastle; that requires at least some little thought." He was silent for a moment, smiling, with raised eyebrows, at the fire. "I am a poor man," he said, deliberately. "You have called yourself a desperate woman; I am a much less desperate man. How valuable these letters are, all that they involve, only you—and I—know. They should fetch a good price, Lady Oldcastle. It is not my wish—it is really not my wish—to dispose of them to anyone but yourself. I ask no questions—I am content to draw my own conclusions; but, before naming a price, I must beg you to remember that."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"That I have no desire whatever to offer them to Sir Guy Oldcastle."

She tried to speak; but her tongue clave to her parched throat. She could only look at him.

"He would give a good price, I do not doubt," Gabriel Dwight resumed deliberately—"most naturally he would give an excellent price—indeed, had I consulted only my own interests I should perhaps have gone to him in the first place."

"Name your price!" Lady Oldcastle said hoarsely.

"In a moment. I was about to add that, even should I unaccountably fail with Sir Guy, there is yet another to whom I can appeal. Mr. Marmaduke Oldcastle—"

Gabriel Dwight broke off, snatching up the little packet with a half-audible imprecation, while Lady Oldcastle uttered a quavering inarticulate cry, as the door opened suddenly and Duke came in.

He had been standing outside the room, inwardly struggling with his uneasy curiosity, when the sound of his own name, spoken loudly and followed by a cry in his mother's voice, had forced him to enter. He had no remembrance whatever of Gabriel Dwight, and looked at him angrily and doubtfully as he crossed to his mother's side.

What on earth was it all about? he wondered. Had this strange fellow with the queer name—and a sanctimonious looking humbug he was!—been insulting her? Even Duke's placid temper was not proof against that supposition.

"What is it, mother? Did you call me? I heard my name, I think. Nothing wrong, I hope? May I ask who this gentleman is?" He had a struggle with himself before he could get out that word. "Is there anything wrong? Can I be of assistance?"

"No—no—nothing!" Lady Oldcastle contrived to mutter. "I have business, Duke, with this gentleman; it is nearly finished now." She suddenly put her hands upon his shoulders and pressed him towards the door. "Go," she besought him in a thick whisper—"go, my darling! I will follow you directly! It is nearly over."

But Duke stood his ground with unusual persistence. He had been right, he thought—there was something strange about Gabriel Dwight, the fellow with the queer name.

"You are not fit for the business, mother, whatever it is," he said decisively. "I think this—gentleman mentioned my name. Perhaps I can transact it for you?"

Gabriel Dwight bowed smilingly.

"Precisely what I was about to suggest, Perhaps, Lady Oldcastle, you would prefer——"

"No—no!" she cried shrilly, stretching out her arm as if to keep him off. "Duke, leave us, my dear—you can do nothing. Leave us, I entreat you—I——"

She started back from him and stood with her arm still rigid and extended, for the door opened again, quietly and slowly this time, and Sir Guy came leisurely in.

He had thought the room was empty, as was evident from his look and the start he gave.

"I beg your pardon, mother," he began hurriedly; "I thought——" He stopped, suddenly conscious of the expression of the three faces, the attitude of the three figures, and advanced quicklygseeing that there was something here that was strange. "What's this?" he said rapidly. "There's something wrong. Have you business with this man, mother? What does he want here?"

"I have business with Lady Oldcastle, Sir Guy," Gabriel Dwight respondeo saw Guy coming. "Her ladyship, I am sure, will do me the honor to confirm it."

"I did not speak to you." Guy turned his back upon him brusquely. "Mother, will you tell me what business this black-leg has in the house before I turn him out of it?"

"You know him?" Lady Oldcastle gasped. She had sunk down into her chair because she literally had no strength to stand longer. She had just then, in her extremity, no thought of her hatred of her elder son; she was only dully conscious that he was strong and might save her. Duke had withdrawn, and stood at a distance during the remainder of the scene.

"I know of him," Sir Guy said briefly. "I saw him at Monte Carlo a year ago. He is a professional gambler, a cheat—a professional thief, in short, as deserving of a halter as any of the rogues who congregate there. That you have allowed him to gain entrance here without knowing him, I understand of course. Once more, mother, what does this gallows-cheating scoundrel do here?"

Every word was uttered with perfect steadiness and deliberation, and with a contemptuous gaze full upon Gabriel Dwight. A sickly pallor had overspread the man's face. For a moment he struggled to curb himself; but his rage was too strong, and his victory, any way, was sure, he thought. He dashed down the letters.

"There is my business, Sir Guy Oldcastle! Read them, and then bid for them—as their writer would have done—with the last penny you possess!"

Lady Oldcastle sprang up with a cry, and clutched blindly at the little packet. It had rolled to her son's very feet. Guy caught her hand and put it back, his swarthy face turning white and then a dark red. There was no need to ask verbal corroboration from her. At the same moment Gabriel Dwight made a spring to recover the packet. There was a struggle between the two, and then he reeled back empty handed, breathless from a blow the strength of which would have brought to the ground a smaller, less portly man; while the letters, flung upon the fire, caught light, flared up, and were mere ashes in an instant.

"Mother," asked Guy quietly, "do you wish this creature to remain longer?"

"No—oh, no!"

"There is nothing more that you desire to get from him?"

"Nothing! He can do no harm now."

"That's enough." With almost his usual coolness, Sir Guy looked at the foiled blackmailer's pale, baffled face. "Mr. Dwight," he said deliberately—"that was one of your names at Monaco, I believe—you will be exceedingly rash if you show yourself within the doors or gates of Oldcastle Towers again, since I shall order my servants to eject you with all speed; and I have some dogs with nasty tempers who will be even more prompt to do my bidding. Also, you will find it more prudent to keep away from the vicinity of the Towers altogether. You owe a big a coward as men of your stamp usually are, I know, and you will no doubt take the warning in the spirit in which it is given. A moment, if you will be so good!"

He rang the bell. The old butler replied to it.

"Kenrick," his master said calmly, "oblige me by showing this man out. Wait a moment! He is an impostor and a scoundrel, and on that account you will be particularly careful not to let him in again. If he makes any attempt to enter either the house or grounds, send for the police and give him into custody. I'll be responsible for it. Be particular, if you please." He stepped back to the rug with the utmost composure. "Good-night, Mr. Dwight," he said leisurely. "A pleasant journey, and better luck—and tactics—next time!"

Gabriel Dwight, biting his lip, his face white with helpless rage, left the room. He hesitated, almost halted, as he passed Duke; but the young man was looking at the ground with a flushed troubled face and did not see. He cast one glance at Sir Guy—a fierce, malignant look which said plainly that he would not forget that blow—and the door closed upon him.

After a short pause, Guy moved quietly to his mother's chair. He sat erect, rigid, looking beyond him; there was no softening of the expression on her face when he spoke to her.

"Mother," he said, in a quiet constrained tone, "I ask you, as I asked you once before, is there anything that I can do?"

"Nothing."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure. The only thing it was possible to do for me is done."

"I ask no questions; but, mother, if I have been able to do you a service, can you, in return, confide nothing to me?"

"Is that your reward?" she said bitterly.

"No. Think of me as you will, and think what you will. You have done me a service, and I acknowledge it and thank you. I should have paid money for the papers which that man had had you not burnt them. You have saved me the money. Well, I acknowledge it, and thank you for that too. Is not that enough? What more do you consider your due?"

Duke slowly left the room. Guy's swarthy face, as his eyes followed him to the door, was very pale.

"Nothing," he said sternly. "I won't blame you for misunderstanding me, mother, or for putting the worst construction upon everything I say and do—it seems inevitable that you should do so, and I am well used to it by now, Heaven knows! But there is one question which I do most earnestly entreat you to answer for your own sake. Are you in any way in that scoundrel's power now?"

"No."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

"And—once again I ask it—I can do nothing to help you?"

Lady Oldcastle had risen from her chair and moved towards the door. She turned round as she opened it, and her son had never seen her handsome face harder or colder.

"Once more—nothing," she said.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The next day was intensely hot—the hottest perhaps of all the brilliant sultry summer. It had been oppressive too, for not the faintest breath of wind had stirred and scarcely the filmiest fleck of cloud had broken the dazzling blue of the sky. Out-of-doors it had hardly been possible to venture, and, within, even the spacious rooms of the Towers had been almost unbearable; and now, when the sun had set, leaving the western sky bright with streaks of fiery crimson and a flare of ruddy gold, the heat was but little lessened.

The lapping of the incoming tide upon the shore was hardly audible to Lady Adela Nugent as, in her white dinner dress, she paced slowly to and fro in the Beech Walk. If the sultry brooding stillness meant anything, it was meant that there was another storm at hand.

"The one we had last night ought to have cooled the air a little, one would think," the girl said aloud, pausing and stirring the languid scent-laden air with the large scarlet fan hanging at her wrist. "I am sure it was violent enough. The lightning was terrific, and the thunder the loudest I ever heard; I almost thought it would split the very roof. But then I suppose people about thunderstorms, if there is one coming, I wish it would come quickly and pass off. I detest thunder storms! That's ingratitude to them, for I ought to be fond of them all in remembrance of one. Ugh, how scared I was that time! I——"

She broke off because she saw Guy coming. Adela let the fan fall, slipped the hand which had held it within his arm, and went on with the subject still.

"I verily believe we are in for another storm to-night. Look at those masses of coppery cloud over there—don't you think they look like it? I felt so nervous all the afternoon that mamma does her presentiments of things that never come to pass. There was just this curious pressure on me and we thought we everything last night. And what a storm it was!"

She shuddered a little, perhaps with some pretty touch of affectation, because it was so delightful to be comforted. She had, in fact, been less scared by the storm of the previous night than she had ever been before, and was demurely conscious of it, for she had never before had Guy's shoulder to hide her eyes against and Guy's arm round her from the first flash to the last distant rumble. He smiled now, and put his hand over the pretty fond fingers linked so confidingly round his arm.

"Perhaps it will pass," he said. "We'll hope so, at any rate. Certainly we seem to have been getting rather more than our fair share of that sort of thing lately. What made you come out here?"

"I was so warm indoors, and I knew you would find me as soon as uncle Plumptre had done with you. Besides, I want to make the most of the rest of my time here. And I always like the outside of the Towers better than the inside, you know. Don't you remember you told me so the first night I came here?"

Guy remembered, of course. He might have added that he could recall almost every word that he had ever said to her, if only for the sake of what she had said in reply.

"We have had a lovely summer, haven't we," she went on, smiling into the dark eyes which always had their sombre look for her—they darkened her, "in spite of the thunder storms?"

"The loveliest of my life, my dearest!"

"And of mine," said Adela softly. Then a mischievous smile made her cheeks dimple. "What a collapse for mamma!" she added gaily. "I was sent here to do penance, you know. It must be annoying to her to find that I like being expatriated, and that we're both very much obliged to her for having—metaphorically—put me in the corner. I wonder what kind of greeting I shall get to-morrow—tearful, reproachful, congratulatory, or affectionate? It all depends upon the state of her nerves, you see. You will be sure to follow us—or me rather—the next day, won't you?"

"I'll say as you do to me—to the end of the world," he answered, smilling.

"No, no!" Adela dissented promptly. "Don't usurp my prerogative; it is I who am to follow you. Here if occasion arises. I hope it won't of course, for the end of the world mayn't be a particularly nice place. I only require you to make a pilgrimage as far as Sugbrooke, which is well within reach of the railway."

"Are you sorry to go?" he asked suddenly.

"Sorry! No—as you are almost coming with me. No, I'm not sorry. Besides——" She stopped, faltering doubtfully.

"Besides?" Sir Guy said quietly.

"Besides," continued the girl, with an effort, "I don't think, Guy, that Lady Oldcastle will be sorry for me to go now."

His fingers tightened over the two little clasping hands with a very sufficient reply. Adela never thought of wanting one in words, but she would have liked to assure him that she did not care whether Lady Oldcastle was nice or the reverse. She glanced up, and something would inevitably have dropped from her impulsive tongue but for the sudden cloud and moody expression with which he was looking straight before him. Adela had seen that look often, though never more pained and stern, when, in the interest of propriety, she had not dared to offer consolation. But what it had been proper not to do, it was now equally proper to do, luckily. She stopped in the Beech Walk, and drew away her two hands to lay them upon his breast coaxingly.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, with quiet assurance, knowing well that her lover's face could tell no false tales to her. She had never really misread it—never.

Guy shook off his brooding with a start.

"What is it?" he repeated. Perhaps he was vexed with himself for having let her quick eyes see that expression of more mental pain name had the power to cloud his face in a new way. Yet how could he for his mother's sake even so much as mention to her the name of Gabriel Dwight? Had he felt himself free to do so instead of so wretchedly fettered and tied, he would not have saddened and perplexed her by one word of the story of the suspicion, shame which had tortured him without a minute's cessation since the scene in the library which he had interrupted the night before, and which had made his night sleepless. His mother's blank silence, her obstinate reserve, rendered him helpless; and he knew it, and chafed to know it. He had done all he could. He had disarmed the scamp—if he could trust her word—and he had got rid of him, But were those letters, the little, innocent-looking flimsy papers which he had flung into the blaze and seen turn to harmless ashes, really the only weapons in the scoundrel's hand? The doubt was almost the bitterest sting of his trouble. If not—— Again he wished Adela had not seen. It was impossible to evade her questioning of the candid hazel eyes, and he did not try. "I am a little bothered just now, I'll confess," he said; "but I did not mean to let you see it, love. I was forgetting how quick your eyes are."

"Nothing I can help you in, or that you can tell me?" asked the girl.

"No. It is not my own business, or——"

"Or you would tell me, I know," she supplemented promptly. "Of course I know that, Guy. Always remember, dear, please, that I'm not a baby, even if I am afraid of thunderstorms. And, if I had to take my choice between

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Out of Town.

PORT HOPE.

The Port Hope Summer Dramatic Club gave their first theatrical entertainment on Tuesday, July 9, at Idalia, Port Hope, the picturesque residence of Mrs. Seymour. It being the evening before Speech Day at Trinity College School the Club played before a large and appreciative audience from all over the province. The Cricket Eleven of St. Paul's College, Concord, N. H., turned out in full force and seemed captivated by the youth and beauty, and the professional like acting of the daughters of Port Hope. Amongst the large number present we noticed Mr and Mrs. Harry Patterson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Macfray of Ottawa, the Misses Benson, Seymour, Hugel, Chisholm, and Ruby Smith, of Port Hope. Among the numerous gentlemen who had come to Port Hope to remind themselves of the many pleasant days spent at old Trinity, and who seemed to enjoy themselves were: Messrs. Cameron and Broughall of Toronto, Martin of Hamilton, E. Morris of Guelph, Sims of Prescott, and Messrs. Ince, Cattanach, Sweatman, and Sweeny of the school. Mrs. Ambrose appeared in a handsome dress of tulle green; Mrs. Patterson looked well in a dress of white satin; Miss Ethel Benson was becomingly attired in blue tulle; Miss Hugel wore an exceedingly becoming gown of pink crolyle and coffee lace; Miss Vankoughnet in an English gown of white and tulle brocade; Miss Violet Seymour never appeared to better advantage than she did in a pretty gown of black lace and primroses; Miss Ruby Smith appeared in a charming costume of red; Miss Sybil Seymour looked handsome in a pretty dress of black, as did Miss Hattie Smith in white tulle. To speak of the Port Hope Summer Dramatic Club's first effort, it was a decided success. The whole affair from the time the curtain rose until the end, moved with that certainty which always ensures success. The plays produced were Dearest Mama and the Little Sentinel. In the former Miss Scott of Port Hope made an inimitable Dearest Mama, making many hits by her clever acting. Mrs. Macfray, *nee* Vankoughnet, as Edith the young wife, scored the triumph of the evening. She filled the role excellently both in appearance and perfect knowledge of her part, avoiding that frequent mistake of overdoing it. Miss Sybil Seymour made a bewitching widow. The parts allotted to the men were admirably filled by Messrs. R. A. Ward, M. P., McClurcan, Houghton and H. Read. In the Little Sentinel Miss Howden, now of Port Hope, played the part of Little Sentinel to perfection. Miss Emmie Benson as the young widow did her part well and Messrs Houghton and R. and W. Sweeny filled their roles with the ease and skill of professionals. The next performance will be given some time in August. The club is to be congratulated on the marked success of its first effort and if the second attempt proves as successful as the first they are sure to have a large and appreciative audience.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. Geo. Cox, vice-president of the Bank of Commerce of Toronto, has been in the city spending a few days with Mr. Thos. Donnelly, George street.

Mr. Maurice Smart of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting at Mrs. McAnanny's.

Messrs. R. and S. Lazier are at home for the holidays. Mr. S. Lazier spends most of his evenings in equestrian exercise; he has a fine steed and equipments.

Mr. Fred Quay, medical student at Trinity College, Toronto, is here visiting at Mrs. Geo. Dickson's.

Mr. Angus Dickson is home for the holidays.

Dr. Alfred Wills has returned to town.

Mr. A. E. McColl, medical student at Queen's University, is renewing old friendships in Belleville.

Mr. Belfield Grannum has decided to remain here, and has entered the Bank of Commerce.

Rev. Mr. Green and Mrs. Green attended a dinner party at The Pines, Mohawk reserve, given by Dr. Oronhyatekha in honor of the coming to majority of his son Oronhyatekha.

Miss Annie Wills of Hillcrest has returned from Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Lazier are at Massassaga Park.

Miss S. Dickson and Miss Bell Dickson have been visiting at Stirling.

Miss Annie Elliott gave a little dance last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Imrie Ashcraft, *nee* McGann, are spending their honeymoon at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Mrs. N. E. Thompson, and the Misses Minnie and Emma Pearson, left by the steamer Alexandria on Monday for Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. Will Holden is home visiting his mother, Mrs. T. Holden, George street.

H. Corby, M.P., is in Scotland at present.

BARRIE.

The town continues to be quite gay as there is always something going on in the way of picnics or impromptu dances, the latter are always very enjoyable and generally a perfect success. Tennis is still the favorite game and pastime and the members are very enthusiastic over it, even more so than last year.

Mr. Wm. Lount, Q.C., and Mrs. Lount are again occupying their summer residence in Barrie.

Mrs. Fortier of Toronto has been the guest of Mrs. Daniel Spry.

Mr. Robert Holt of North Toronto was in town for a few days.

Barrie Oddfellows gave Mr. Valleau a farewell festival, previous to his leaving for San Francisco.

Mr. T. Baker was in Toronto for a few days this week.

Lieut. Hugh Kortright has returned from the Royal Military College, Kingston, having very successfully finished the long course.

A number of families from town are rusticating in tents at Peninsular Park, Lake Simcoe. OCULAIRE.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 31 King street east.

Where to Summer.

To those who have not selected a place to spend their summer holidays particular attention is directed to the announcements of hotels and watering places in SATURDAY NIGHT.

Chief among these is the Queen's Royal at Niagara, one of the most delightfully situated hotels on the continent, splendidly appointed, accessible, and guests are always sure of pleasant society as it has in its long list of patrons a large number of the best citizens of Toronto and Buffalo. The Saturday night hop at the Queen's Royal is one of the most enjoyable features of the many which make Niagara-on-the-Lake so delightful.

The cards of the leading hotels on the Muskoka lakes appear elsewhere and those contemplating a visit to the northern resorts would do well to correspond with the proprietors.

A Study in Ethnology.

The following *modus operandi* has been found to obtain among various nationalities in dealing with a fly that has dropped into a glass of wine:

1. The Russian lifts out the fly, throws it away, and then drinks up the wine. 2 The Hungarian leaves the fly where it is, drinks his wine, and leaves the fly in the empty glass. 3. The Turk, who takes his wine on the sly, does not care much about what there is in it, but swallows the lot. Kismet! It was to be, and there's an end on't. 4. The Yankee takes out the fly with his fingers, and then drinks his wine. 5. The Englishman removes the fly with a teaspoon. 6. The Italian pours out a portion of the wine with the fly in it, and then drinks the remainder. 7. The Frenchman empties the whole glass out of the window. 8. The German quickly takes out the fly and endeavors to restore animation by the most approved method. Having thus satisfied his tender conscience he proceeds to drink up his wine.

Knew His Kicking Powers.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman, indignantly, "what are you doing around here again? I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way.

"It did," said the young man, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you——"

"Ask me what?"

"If you wouldn't like to join our football association?"

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Philanthropy a Big Thing Sometimes.

"Ha, ha!" said Bob, throwing down his morning paper.

"What struck you?" asked Frank.

"Oh, an item that I read."

"What was it?"

"That one," pointing to one which chronicled how a farmer in Kansas set out three miles of peach trees in the fence corners of his farm, so that the hungry and thirsty travelers should have something to eat as they drove along.

"Well, there is nothing to smile at in that," said Frank.

"No."

"Of course not. I think it betokens a kind heart in the breast of the old farmer."

"A kind heart? Yes. But not a sound head. It reminds me of a similar case by an old Ohio crank when I was a boy. He did the same thing only on a smaller scale. His farm had a road on the north and west side—altogether about a mile and a half. The trees set out were alternately an apple, a peach, and a cherry. I tell you he anticipated giving the traveler a bonanza while going by his place."

"Yes?"

"But it didn't work."

"Why not?"

"Well, I was a poor devil in those days, and had to do anything to turn in a penny, honest or otherwise."

"Well?"

"I formed a partnership with a fruit dealer in town, and picked nearly all the fruit at night, and carried it in and sold it in shares. Made about fifty dollars on the transaction, and had the fun into the bargain. Oh, I tell you this philanthropic racket is a big thing sometimes—for somebody. Yes, the travelers got left."

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Merchant—He was an excellent bookkeeper. He kept our books for many years in an exemplary way. I should have kept him at it.

Friend—What did you do?

Merchant—I made him cashier.

Friend—How did he do in his new position?

Merchant—Excellently. He kept the cash.

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A youthful candidate for matrimony asked her father for the hand of his best girl.

"My son, you seem rather young; if, however, after the lapse of years, you——

"Sir," interrupted the youth, drawing himself up to his full height, "permit me to inform you that I am old enough to have had the rheumatism."

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HUNT—On July 6, at Hamilton, Mrs. George M. Hunt—a daughter.

PETRY—On July 8, at Toronto, Mrs. G. B. Petry—a son.

TEW—At Toronto, Mrs. Richard Tew—a daughter.

KLEIN—On July 11, at Toronto, Mrs. I. A. Klein—a son.

NELSON—On July 12, at Aurora, Mrs. W. H. Nelson—a daughter.

FORSTER—On July 11, at Doon, Mrs. A. Forster—a daughter.

HILL—On July 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Hill—a son.

HAYDEN—On July 6, Mrs. George A. Hayden—a son.

HETHERINGTON—On July 14, at Toronto, Mrs. John Hetherington—a daughter.

SMITH—On July 7, at Toronto, Mrs. John Smith—a son.

TAIT—On July 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Gerald J. Stuart Tait, of Kingston, Jamaica—a son.

ARMOUR—On July 13, at Hamilton, Mrs. Robert Armour—a daughter.

DUGGAN—On July 14, at Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Duggan—a son.

DUNSTAN—On July 14, at Hamilton, Mrs. Kenneth J. Dunstan—a son.

DUTHIE—On June 28, at Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Duthie—a son.

Marriages.

MARTIN—REID—On July 3, at Winnipeg, Archer Martin to Emily Mary Reid of Toronto.

POLLOCK—CAMPBELL—On July 16, at Toronto, John Pollock, late of Glasgow, to Jennie Campbell, of Bentinck, Co. Grey.

REDDITT—LAWRENCE—On July 17, at Toronto, T. H. Reddit to Mary Lawrence, both of Aurora.

WOOD—BUILDER—On July 17, at Mitchell, E. G. Wood, M. D., to Maggie Builder.

DAVIS—YORK—On July 16, at Aylmer, Ont., Edwin E. Davis to Louie York.

STEWART—BENNETT—At Toronto, J. A. Stewart of Exeter to Sophia Bennett.

ELLIOTT—SLOAN—On July 11, at Weston, Thomas E. Elliott of Ingersoll to Mary Sloan.

HAWLEY—MURISON—On July 10, at Toronto, John Hawley to Mary Jane Murison.

McPHERSON—COLTON—On June 29, at Bloomfield, Prince Edward County, Professor John Gordon McPherson of Toronto, to Mrs. Colton of Picton.

JENKINSON—WINCHESTER—On July 10, at Stittsville, Samuel A. Jenkinson to Bella Winchester.

BROUGH—JELLEY—On July 11, at Mount Forest, T. A. Brough of Kingston, to Madeline Jelley of Mount Forest.

MITCHELL—STROWGER—On July 8, at Newcastle, James Mitchell to Vida Strowger, both of Bowmanville.

WARREN—HUTCHESON—On July 15, at Toronto, Rev. George Warren of Lakefield, to Ada Emily Hutcheson of Bowmanville.

WHITE—FAGG—On July 15, at Toronto, W. A. White of Athol, to Lydia Fagg of Toronto.

DONOGH—SMITH—On July 10, at Toronto, Robert H. Donogh to Helen E. Smith.

Deaths.

CULVERWELL—On July 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Ann Culverwell, aged 83 years.

CANNIFF—On July 7, at Port Robinson, Susan Caniff, aged 89 years.

LESLIE—On July 16, at Toronto, John A. Leslie, aged 50 years.

McINTYRE—On July 15, at Cleveland, Ohio, Margaret R. McIntyre of Kingston, Ont.

SMITH—On July 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Eliza D. Smith, aged 79 years.

GOERING—On July 17, at Hamilton, Emma K. Goering.

McMILLAN—On July 6, at New Scotland, King, Mrs. Catharine McMillan, aged 74 years.

BASTIEN—On July 11, at Toronto, Martin Bastien, aged 36 years.

FLOOD—On July 12, at Toronto, James Henry Flood, aged 2 years.

KIRKPATRICK—On July 12, at Toronto, Mrs. R. C. Kirkpatrick, aged 23 years.

NORTON—On May 13, at Manila, Philippine Islands, China Sea, C. Fred. Norton of St. Catharines, Ont.

O'NEILL—On July 11, at Toronto, Mrs. O'Neill, aged 87 years.

KLEISER—On July 15, at Toronto, John Kleiser, aged 64 years.

McMURCHY—At Toronto, Thomas McMurchy, aged 89 years.

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